Table of Contents

1. Prologue
2. Chapter One
3. Chapter Two
4. Chapter Three
5. Chapter Four
6. Chapter Five
7. Chapter Six
8. Chapter Seven
9. Chapter Eight
10. Chapter Nine
11. Chapter Ten
12. Chapter Eleven
13. Chapter Twelve
14. Chapter Thirteen
15. Chapter Fourteen
16. Chapter Fifteen
17. Chapter Sixteen
18. Chapter Seventeen
19. Chapter Eighteen
20. Chapter Nineteen
21. Chapter Twenty
22. Chapter Twenty-One
23. Chapter Twenty-Two
24. Chapter Twenty-Three
25. Chapter Twenty-Four
26. Chapter Twenty-Five
27. Chapter Twenty-Six
28. Chapter Twenty-Seven
29. Chapter Twenty-Eight
30. Epilogue

Prologue

A/N: Hello, lovely readers! It's Crazystar again, welcoming you to this book, where we will make fun of medicine cat romances! I hope that you will enjoy this story.

If you like this book, you may also want to check out The Worst Warriors Fanfic Ever, which makes fun of Warriors fanfics in general, and The Ballad of the MoonClan Roleplay, which makes fun of bad Warriors roleplays!

Brightkit and her brother, Cloudkit, were playing a calm game of moss-ball in the ThunderClan camp. "Aren't you excited to become a warrior, Brightkit?" Cloudkit asked.

Brightkit chuckled. "Naw, I'm becoming a medicine cat."

Cloudkit's eyes widened in disgust, and the ball of moss sailed past him. "WHAT?! Why would you want to do that?! All they do is sort herbs!"

"So that I can have an affair with the cats from the other Clans, of course," Brightkit said. "I can't wait to flirt with those super hot WindClan cats!"

Cloudkit tilted his head in confusion. "Isn't that against the code?"

"We make our own code, deal with it!" Brightkit responded.

"What do you mean?" Cloudkit asked.

Brightkit gave him a complacent look. "Yellowfang, Spottedleaf, Cinderpelt, Leafpool, Jayfeather, and 95% of medicine cats in Warriors fanfics. 'Nuff said."

Cloudkit nodded. "Okay, fair point. But aren't you going to be bored sorting herbs?"

"Everyone knows herbs in fanfics magically sort themselves,"

Brightkit meowed. "When do you ever see a scene where medicine cats are sorting herbs?"

"That's ridiculous! How do herbs sort themselves?!" Cloudkit demanded.

"Because StarClan, bunnies, and happiness!" Brightkit cheered.

Cloudkit narrowed his eyes. "Okay then...what about collecting herbs?!"

"The only herb we ever collect is catmint so that we can meet kittypets in random Twolegplaces, everyone knows that!" Brightkit replied.

"Well then how did all of the other herbs get there?!" Cloudkit spat.

Brightkit waved her tail dismissively. "There are some things that we will just never know! It's a mystery! Maybe the author knows!"

"Be quiet, don't slay the fourth wall yet!" Cloudkit hissed. "It's too early for that!"

Brightkit sighed unhappily. "Fine. I totally don't know that I'm a fictional character in a book."

"Close enough," Cloudkit muttered. "Anyhow, what if you get caught having an affair with a WindClan cat?"

"Well, everyone will pretend to be all outraged for one meeting but then nobody will care after that!" Brightkit answered.

Cloudkit blinked in surprise. "Well, um, okay...what if you wind up having kits?"

Brightkit shrugged apathetically. "I'll just give them to you and your mate, and nobody will notice anything."

"Seems like a good plan, well, good luck with that!" Cloudkit said.

Chapter One

A/N: This is Rio here with the first chapter of The Medicine Cat Code! I hope you enjoy, and don't forget to swallow your herbs!

"Troutpaw!" called Ripplestripe as she stood in his den, a sassy look on her face. "Get in here before Lakenose dies!"

Snorting with disdain, the tom padded into the medicine cat den. "What do you want?" he muttered, sassiness tainting his tone.

"For the first time in forever, we have a patient! Grab some herbs!"

Troutpaw rolled his eyes with sass. "Fine!" spat the apprentice. "You don't need to be *rude!*"

Ripplestripe sat in her nest, curling her tail around her paws and slumping against the moss. Troutpaw grabbed a pile of herbs and shoved them at Lakenose. "Take these—they'll help your injuries." The smell of catmint filled the den.

"That's not what catmint is for," Ripplestripe muttered bitterly from her nest. "But, we are in a fanfiction. I suppose it heals everything. . ."

Troutpaw nodded gleefuly. "Now, if you excuse me, I'll go back to flirting with apprentices."

Ripplestripe leaped up, anger flashing in her blue eyes. "No! You will stay in here and recite all the cures for *everything!"*

Troutpaw glared at his mentor, with sass of course. "Fine!" He pondered this for a minute. "Catmint cures wounds, coughs, sores, broken pads, and basically everything. Done!"

Pleased, Ripplestripe flopped back into her nest. "I love you, Troutpaw," she meowed.

"I love you too."

Then they kissed and talked for hours on end.

❦❦❦

Back in ThunderClan, Brightpaw was excited to be a new medicine cat apprentice. "See ya' later," she told her brother Cloudpaw. "I'm going to go find a WindClan boyfriend!"

Cloudpaw wrinkled his nose. "Aren't you supposed to go with Coldleaf and learn herbs?"

She snorted. "Pfft, I'm a prodigy! I don't need to learn any herbs!"

Cloudpaw sighed. "Okay. Then what about an excuse? You can't just *leave* camp."

Brightpaw rolled her eyes. "Whatever. Coldleaf!" she called to her mentor. "Imma' go look for some herbs by the WindClan border."

"Okay," Coldleaf meowed from where she was sunning herself. "Be quick, my brand new apprentice who probably doesn't know any herbs at all!"

Brightpaw tossed her brother a sly grin before skipping off into the forest.

Brightpaw arrived at the WindClan border, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Any hot toms wanna chat?" she called. "I'm a medicine cat, so the rules *totally* don't apply to me!"

A patrol trotted by. They ignored her, so Brightpaw put one paw over the border. "Attack her!" screamed the patrol leader.

"Wait! I'm a medicine cat apprentice," Brightpaw whined, blinking coyly at one of the toms. "Meet at the border at moonhigh," she whispered. Louder, she repeated her plea. "I'm just a medicine cat apprentice!"

With a snort, the patrol leader turned around. "Fine. We will kill you if you step over the border again, though!" threatened the

WindClan warrior.

"Yeah, yeah," Brightpaw muttered, picking some catmint up. She winked at the other tom, who blushed at looked away from her. The rest of the patrol walked away, but the tom stayed behind. "My name's Brightpaw," she meowed softly.

"I'm Grasspaw," he responded shyly, stretching his muzzle over the border to touch the ThunderClan she-cat's ear.

She smiled coyly. "See you at moonhigh."

"Ye—yep."

❦❦❦

Frogfur stretched out his paws, purring as he relaxed in the sunlight. "Fox attack!" shouted a warrior named Roseshine. "Frogfur, Marshpaw's been hurt."

Frogfur blinked lazily. "What was that again? My hearing's been going as of the late."

"Marshpaw. Is. Injured," repeated Roseshine slowly. "Come help us!"

Frogfur got to his paws. "Fine, but next time ask my apprentice," he muttered. "Apparently, even though she's six moons old, she's a better medicine cat than me."

Roseshine nodded. "She is, but we can't find her."

"Now, we should probably get going. . . what's the problem again?"

"Marshpaw's hurt!"

Frogfur snorted. "Give em' catmint." He trotted into his den and grabbed a mouthful of herbs. "Now, run along and heal Shimmerpaw."

"It's Marshpaw, and we need you!" Roseshine cried, taking the herbs. "Where are you even getting this catmint?"

A white she-cat dragged herself into camp, bleeding from everywhere on her pelt. "Help. . . I've. . . been. . . mauled!" groaned the apprentice.

Frogfur took the catmint back from Roseshine and tossed it to Marshpaw. "Swallow this," he muttered. "It'll make you feel great!"

Marshpaw started choking, but Frogfur rushed over and did CPR.

"Do cats even know what CPR is?" asked Roseshine as she watched.

Frogfur snorted. "I suppose it's acceptable to break the fourth wall now, huh."

"It *is* the second part of the story."

"But it's the first chapter," added the dying Marshpaw.

"Right," Frogfur muttered, staring at the apprentice. "Well, she's healed! Go back to your apprentice duties."

Marshpaw smiled gleefuly and skipped back into the forest.

"You're a miracle, Frogfur," Roseshine gushed.

"I know." With those final words, Frogfur lumbered away to go rest in his nest.

Chapter Two

Brightpaw casually walked out of the den, tail held high and ears perked happily. It was the middle of the night, and she could hardly wait to go visit her new *friend* in WindClan.

"Brightpaw, where are you going?" Coldleaf asked from inside the medicine cat den.

"I'm meeting with a WindClan cat," she admitted.

"I don't understand you kittens," Coldleaf commented, "back in my day as a Medicine Cat Apprentice we stuck with the most cliché cat of the Clan that we hate the most. For ThunderClan, that's ShadowClan."

Brightpaw turned around to see Coldleaf with a reminiscent look on her face.

"I had such a good time with ShadowClan. They aren't as evil as they smell. Honest!" Coldleaf continued.

"I thought ShadowClan cats preferred the RiverClan ones . . ." Brightpaw mused.

"You've been an apprentice for two days! What would you know?" Coldleaf snapped, suddenly turning into a very angry and annoying Yellowfang-like tom.

Brightpaw held up her paws and backed away. "I'm just going to go now." She darted out of the camp, ignoring Coldleaf's screams that should be waking up the camp but didn't.

She walked up to the border and waited impatiently for a few seconds. When she didn't see him, she let out a sigh of annoyance.

"Grasspaw, where are you?" she called, tail flicking back and forth. To her surprise, a different tom, a dark ginger tom, popped out from the bushes.

"Hey Brightpaw! I saw you trying to get with Grasspaw and decided that I am extremely jealous about it and I want to be with you instead. Will you be my mate?" The cat mewed.

Brightpaw sidled up to him. "I don't even know your name. But okay!" She purred and disappeared into the bushes with him.

The next morning they said their goodbyes and Brightpaw, whistling, picked some catmint that illogically grew right on the border of WindClan to use as an excuse for being out of camp. As she did, Grasspaw popped out from the bush beside her.

"Brightpaw I'm so sorry my mentor Cherryshade didn't let me leave the camp last night! I was on watch all night and he only just now let me go. I'm sorry. Will you forgive me?"

Brightpaw pretended to consider it for a moment.

"Yeah I guess I'll forgive you. Tomorrow night, no excuses!" She slipped off and returned to camp much happier then before.

"Brightpaw! Come here," Coldleaf commanded. Brightpaw walked over. To her surprise, there was actually someone sitting in the den. A light brown kit with large green eyes was sitting in the den, confined to the massive and very unused patients nest.

"Oh thank STARCLAN you are here!" the kit cried out. Coldleaf bent over it, shushing it gently. The kit ignored it. "I've had this thorn in my paw all morning and Coldleaf won't take it out!"

"Stop complaining! This is important medicine cat stuff," Coldleaf snapped. "Brightpaw, I want you to watch as I take the thorn out of this kit's paw." He carefully licked the thorn from the kit's paw.

"Thank you! Can I go now?" the kit whined.

"No! I have yet to teach her how to bandage a wound!"

The kit flopped down on the moss with a weary sigh.

"Okay Brightpaw, grab a pawful of cobweb from the cubbies that we magically dig in between the vines that make up our dens."

Coldleaf watched as Brightpaw fumbled through the den, almost breaking the illogical herb holes.

"I got it!" she cried out. Coldleaf snatched one up with his paw and dropped it haphazardly on the wound. It wasn't bleeding at all, and Brightpaw had a feeling that it didn't actually need any cobweb.

"Look, just take this poultice of catmint and fix up the wound," Coldleaf instructed. Brightpaw picked up the cobweb and, with expert and magical skill wrapped up the wound so securely it could have even been a Twoleg cast.

"I'm done!" Brightpaw cheered. Coldleaf didn't even look at it.

"Excellent, your medicine cat training is basically finished. The rest is a formality," Coldleaf revealed. He disappeared into the back of the den.

Brightpaw was left suddenly feeling extremely emotional and sad that her mentor clearly hated her. She made the rational decision to suddenly run out of camp, and headed straight towards WindClan.

"GRASSPAWWWW!" she screeched, her voice echoing over the field. He came darting forward a moment later, ears bleeding.

"Are you okay Brightpaw?" he asked. She clutched him and began wailing and crying even though cats can't actually cry.

"My mentor hates me! I want to give up Clan life or become a warrior!"

OOOH dramatic ending! I hope you guys liked this chapter

~Blazey

Chapter Three

Grasspaw's face lit up in joy and happiness. "Really?" he asked. "You'd do that for me?"

"What?" Brightpaw's face screwed up in utter confusion.

"You'd give up being a medicine cat for *me*?"

Brightpaw tried to intervene, but Grasspaw was too caught up in his ecstasy to stop. "YOU LOVE ME?" he screamed, and then went on, not waiting for an answer. "I ALWAYS KNEW YOU LOVED ME. I LOVE YOU TOO. I LOVE YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART! I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, BRIGHTPAW, YOU'RE SO AMAZING, BRIGHTPAW, I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, BRIGHT---"

"SHUT UP!" Brightpaw growled, slapping Grasspaw in the face with her tail. He stumbled away and collapsed to the ground from the blow.

When he finally mustered the strength to stand, there was a thin stream of blood flowing from the corner of his mouth. "B-B-Brightpaw?" Hurt shone in the grassy green eyes that'd he'd been named for, because his mother was physic and could tell that her son would have grassy green eyes in the future after the initial kit's blue.

"I don't love you," Brightpaw said fiercely, intending her words to score wounds in Grasspaw's heart. "I never loved you, I don't love you now, and I will never love you!"

Grasspaw stumbled away again, this time from shock. "How could you?" His eyes grew vengeful. "It was him, wasn't it? Gingerpaw! Oh, that I knew that ginger gingering ginger gingerbrain was a gingering ginger from the start!"

Brightpaw gasped. "How dare you say those things?" She stepped forward threateningly. "I could kill you for those words, Grasspaw."

Grasspaw stumbled backwards once again, because it was easier than turning around, and fear shone in his eyes. "I-I---"

"But I'm not going to, because I'm a good cat." She bared her teeth at him. "And you're lucky that I am. Now scram. Leave. And never ever bother me or my mate again!"

With that said, Grasspaw promptly turned around and ran back to the WindClan, shrieking and screaming, even though he was a warrior apprentice who should've known how to fight against a defenseless medicine cat.

Brightpaw sat and watched him run, a triumphant smile spread across her face. "I don't even know what I saw in that tom."

"Don't worry. Nobody's an expert on their first pick," a voice said from behind her, and she whirled around to see a tortie with the smell of herbs hanging about her slink through the waving stalks of grass.

"Who are you?" Brightpaw asked curiously.

"I'm Ripplestripe," the cat said, rolling the 'r's. "And I'm the RiverClan medicine cat."

"What are you doing here?"

"Ya know. Meeting around. The usual thing. I'm assuming that's why *you're* here."

Brightpaw nodded. "Yeah." She looked up at the sun, which was setting because time flies by when you're having fun. "Right, so sundown's coming. Gotta get back to camp. Nice to meet you, Ripplestripe."

"Of course," the she-cat said, slinking by Brightpaw, her pelt brushing against hers, and disappearing into the grass.

Brightpaw watched after her for a few moments before making her way back to the ThunderClan camp. But when she was halfway there, a familiar scent wreathed around her and she stopped, sniffing the air. "That-cat-that-I-met-last-night?" she asked.

"Yes," came the answer, in a throaty, deep voice, and suddenly, he was in front of her. "And my name's Gingerpaw, by the way," he added.

"Oh, yes," Brightpaw said, nuzzling his muzzle. "Greenpaw."

"No, actually, it's-"

"Gingerpaw?" A new voice made both the apprentices look up to see yet another apprentice. This cat had pale orangish pink fur and bright blue eyes and she was absolutely and utterly beautiful. "What are you doing *here*?" The she-cat's accusatory glare turned to Brightpaw. "And with *her* too?"

Gingerpaw began to stammer. "Er-uh-well, Salmonpaw, what happened is-um---"

"Well?" Her eyes narrowed.

"He doesn't have to explain anything," Brightpaw said, weaving her way around Gingerpaw, who awkwardly tried to extract himself from her but failed.

"Of course he does!" Salmonpaw exclaimed. "I need to know why he's here with you instead of with his mate!"

Brightpaw gasped. "*You're* his mate?" She turned to Gingerpaw. "I mean, I'm angry that you have another mate and all, but honestly, I thought you had better taste." She wrinkled her nose at Salmonpaw.

Salmonpaw's gaze filled with anger. "I'm not his mate! I'm his mate's friend! And anyways, I'd be a far better choice than *you*!"

Brightpaw let out a light laugh. "You wish! And anyways, why do you care so much if he's not your mate!"

"Because I love him and he should be *my* mate!" Salmonpaw blurted out, and then slapped her tail over her mouth. "Oh no!" she wailed. "I've let out my deepest secret!" She turned and raced away towards the WindClan camp.

Gingerpaw began to run after her. "Salmonpaw, wait---" he started

to call out, but he was cutoff by Brightpaw.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked furiously, the anger finally settling in. "You've got to explain to me why you have another mate!"

Gingerpaw began to back away as Brightpaw advanced forward. "I-uh-well-um-AHHHHH!" He was cut off by his own scream as he fell backwards into seemingly nothing.

"Gingerpaw!" Brightpaw bounded forward to see that Gingerpaw had fallen into a large, deep hole that had for some reason been covered by leaves.

The tom was lying motionless at the bottom of the hole, his limbs and neck twisted at awkward angles. Blood seeped out from under his head, his eyes glassy and unseeing.

"Oops," Brightpaw said, and then shrugged. "So much for him." She kicked some leaves over the corpse and continued on her original journey back to camp.

That was written by Duskie. ~O.O~ [my new wave emoji]

Chapter Four

Brightpaw went back to camp and started sorting herbs. She finished up and took a nap.

When she woke up, Coldleaf was frowning at her. "How long did you sort herbs?" he asked, a disapproving tone in his voice.

"About 28 hours."

"28 HOURS? Are you serious?"

"Er, well-"

"How could you do such a thing?"

"I'm-"

"That's far too less! Don't you know that medicine cats are to spend extremely long amounts of time sorting herbs? That was not an extremely long among of time! Get back to work!"

"But I---ugh. Okay. Fine." Brightpaw continued sorting the herbs.

A moon later, she decided to stop sorting herbs. This was mostly because one of the apprentices in the Clan, Harepaw, had asked her out for the night. They were going to meet at the lake.

Brightpaw bounded out of camp a little while after she saw Harepaw leave, because the medicine cat must obviously come after, being a lady and all. She followed him, making sure he didn't notice, and when he finally reached the lake, sitting by it and staring at the moonlight spilling across the ripping gray water, she hid behind a fern a little ways from him and stared at him for a few hours before finally padding out.

"Harepaw," she said flirtatiously.

He didn't turn. "Isn't this so beautiful?" he said, his voice deep and husky. "Look at this sight . . . Starpelt twinkling above us, the water lapping on the shore . . ."

"That's true," Brightpaw said. She began to walk up to him, but suddenly, she tripped on a stone and tumbled into him. He fell off the outcropping they'd been on and into the water, and unfortunately, right into the place where it was especially rough.

That night, there was blood on the rocks and in the water and on the shore, and well, pretty much everywhere. That tom had a lot of blood.

Brightpaw stood and weeped and weeped, until her tears ran dry. She cried some more after that, even though her tears that weren't supposed to exist had run dry. "H-H-Harepaw," she hiccuped. "I-I loved y-y-you. But you left me!" She looked up at Silverpelt and somehow managed to shake a fist in anger.

She staggered back to camp and collapsed in the middle, sobbing uncontrollably. Cats gathered around her and stared. Coldleaf finally came up to her. "Whatcha crying about?" he asked irritably.

"Harepaw died! And I loved him!"

"Oh, they usually die sooner or later when they date us medicine cats. You should know that by now."

"Oh . . . really?"

"Yeah. Get over it. Get a new one."

"Oh, alright." Brightpaw immediately brightened up. "I'm over it now. Your good advice helped, Coldleaf."

With that, the medicine cat and his apprentice padded back to his den and started to sort herbs once again.

You have just read Duskie's words. Be honored.

Chapter Five

A/N: Welcome back to the amazing world of Rio! It's been a while, so here's a chapter from your *favorite* writer! <3

Frogfur stretched out his paws, eyes flashing with laziness. "Kaletail! Get over here, apprentice-slave!"

Kaletail rolled her eyes sassily and padded over to her mentor, her permanently broken leg dragging behind her. "What?" she meowed bitterly.

"Go fetch some coltsfoot. . . I have to visit RiverClan and ask for some herbs."

"Don't we have a magically replenishing supply?" Kaletail asked, tipping her head to the side with curiosity.

Frogfur grumbled some inaudible and stalked off into the bushes, his belly swinging with each step. Kaletail watched him go before sauntering off to find some herbs.

She quickly discovered some coltsfoot and started sorting herbs. "Juniper, catmint, catmint, catmint," the medicine cat muttered, her paws running over the green stems. "Catmint, coltsfoot, juniper, watercrest, daisy, marigold, catmint."

Finally, she finished as the sun was setting. "Where's Frogfur?" she asked herself, squinting at where the tom had disappeared to. Kaletail limped into the forest, her broken leg slowing her down, to look for her mentor.

She finally found him sitting at the RiverClan border. "What are you doing?" Kaletail asked with sass, glancing at his empty paws. "I thought you were getting herbs."

Frogfur rolled his eyes and magically produced some catmint. "I was!"

"Well, it took you the whole day."

"There's nothing to do," protested Frogfur.

Kaletail rolled her eyes, with sass, of course. "You could've helped me sort herbs."

Frogfur huffed. "I am your mentor!"

"You promoted me to a full medicine cat, remember?" Kaletail rolled her eyes.

"Then you go get some catmint from ThunderClan, because obviously we need more, and the forest has an unlimited supply of it!"

Kaletail rolled her eyes and stomped off with sass. *My mentor's so stupid!* she thought bitterly, reaching ThunderClan territory. The medicine cat spotted Vinefeather, the ThunderClan deputy.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, flaunting his muscles.

Kaletail swiped her tongue around her jaws. "Looking for hot toms."

Vinefeather smirked. "I think you've found one. . ."

"Nope!" Kaletail skipped around him, spotting a ThunderClan apprentice named Shellpaw. "Hey Shinepaw. . ."

"The name's Shellpaw," he spoke in a southern accent. "Nice to meet you, lady." He winked and dipped his head slightly.

Kaletail purred, twining her tail with his. "I love you."

"W. T. F." muttered Vinefeather from behind a tree.

"I love you too!" Shellpaw purred.

"C'mon, Shinepaw, let's go sneak around your territory!"

"You're supposed to be collecting catmint!" Frogfur's voice rang through the forest.

Chapter Six

Heatherfeather padded into the camp, dropping off the twenty rabbits that she caught during her hunting trip.

"Whew! That was a long trip! Well, it's around sun-high and I've already single-pawedly destroyed the rabbit population in one morning. I think I'll go to sleep," she muttered to herself.

The mottled brown she-cat settled into the hollowed out portion of the camp meant solely for sleeping. There, she settled, letting the sun warm her pelt. With a satisfied sigh, she fell asleep.

After a few moments of silence, Heatherfeather realized that there was no change in her body. She shifted in her makeshift nest, noticing that her fur was getting colder and the wind was picking up around her body. Confused, she opened her eyes.

The beautiful, sunny hollow that formed WindClan camp was gone. In its place was darkness, a thick black sludge that contrasted the morning so dramatically that Heatherfeather actually felt her eyes dilating as they attempted to gather enough light to see from.

As she peered into the darkness, things began coming into focus. Some tree leaves, a low hanging branch, a pair of huge yellow eyes, another tree branch . . .

Wait.

"Hello," it said.

"AAAGH!" She lept backwards, falling over herself in a comical tumble. She jumped to her feet, fur sticking out in every direction and head covered in dirt. "WHO ARE YOU?!"

"My name is not important! I have come here to guide you!"

She frowned.

"Wait, why isn't your name important? What if I want to now who you are? You know, my mother always told me that it is very rude to speak to any cat without first getting their name."

The spirit cat sighed.

"My name is Egg. Happy?"

Heatherfeather snorted. Then she let out another, and another. Soon she was rolling on the floor, laughing. She barely pulled her self away from her laughter to speak. "I'm sorry, Egg? Are you even a warrior cat?"

He frowned heavily at her. She felt the burn of his glare, but she continued to giggle until finally he flicked some leaves into her face. She quieted down, eyes glowing with mirth.

"ANYWAY, I am here to tell you about your very important destiny!"

"OOH Am I going to become leader?" She asked.

"Err, no. Actually, you will---"

"Do I have to travel really really far to find something extremely important that will save the Clans?"

"No, but you ARE---"

"Is there a cat I need to save? Is there an evil cat that I need to destroy? Does StarClan need help?"

"NO!"

"Is there a prophecy about me?"

"NO THERE ISN---oh, yes actually there is. You are supposed to be the next medicine cat! Congratulations!"

Heatherfeather stared in stunned silence.

"I'm a warrior already! I don't think you have the right cat . . ." she

mused.

"DON'T QUESTION ME!" He snarled in her face. She flinched back, closing her eyes in surprise. When she opened them again, she was magically curled up in her nest, the light shining blindingly on her.

Heatherfeather looked up at the sky, knowing somewhere deep within her that there were stars twinkling down at her even now. And she knew deep within that she most desperately needed to do a very very important thing.

"I AM THE NEXT MEDICINE CAT OF WINDCLAN!" she screeched.

Rabbitstar, the leader of WindClan, barreled out of his den.

"OF COURSE NO---"

"I ACCEPT!" Harebrain stumbled out of his den, falling every other step and straining his injured leg on the way. "I NEED A NEW APPRENTICE!"

He physically dragged Heatherfeather into the den, even though his leg was mangled and bloody and he shouldn't have been able to walk on it.

Rabbitstar sat on his haunches. "Well, I guess she's the new medicine cat . . ." he shrugged and went to his nest again.

Blazey here. This is the story of how Heatherfeather became the WindClan med cat!

Chapter Seven

Troutpaw was toiling in the medicine cat den. His mind was raw from sorting herbs for five days straight and the young tom was blinded by attraction. "Maybe catmint can cure my aching heart!" he exclaimed, just as his mentor, Ripplestripe trotted in. Her fur was long and flowing, framing her face and body in the most perfect way.

"Well, darling, catmint can cure anything," she purred. Her long, wispy tail batted Troutpaw on the nose. He shivered at the touch and his entire body shook with emotion.

Finally, he could not contain it any longer. The sheer magnitude of the fact that they were both medicine cats was enough to make them fall in love. "Ripplestripe, here we are, in a fanfiction. We're both medicine cats. This was bound to happen!" Ripplestripe smiled with understanding. Troutpaw's eyes filled with tears. "I know we're not in rival clans, so this isn't as typical, but-but...I love you." He blurted. "I want you to be my mate."

Ripplestripe stared him down. "I love you too, Troutpaw. I would be honored to be your mate and break our loose code with you." She shuffled her paws and batted her eyelashes. Troutpaw was drooling. "I've loved you ever since you were only six moons old and you became my apprentice. I'll never forget how your kit-soft fur shone in the moonlight on the evening of the ceremony. I am not a pedophile, I swear. I only love you!" Ripplestripe now had her turn to expel her emotions.

"We're like that Firepaw guy and his lover, Spottedleaf!" yelled Troutpaw, because cats can totally yell. "They had a huge age gap, and no one cared!" Ripplestripe purred in agreement and happiness. She sure did enjoy purring.

"So, I guess I'm your catmint. I've cured your aching heart?" Troutpaw melted at her pun-metaphor-simile thing.

"Of course, sweetheart," he murmured.

Brightpaw was confused.

It wasn't like her normal confused, the one where she literally had no idea what was going on because she was a ditsy medicine cat. It was the one where she didn't know why every tom she loved was dying. Sure, it was a normal medicine cat occurrence, but why was it happening to her? Brightpaw was hardly a medicine cat in the eyes of others. At this time, Brightpaw did not know it, but she was part of a prophecy.

So, the unknowing she-cat strolled the WindClan border, searching for some sweet honey. Not the medicinal type. "I just want a mate that won't die!" she wailed. No toms answered her call, as they were afraid of the inevitable downfall that came with dating a medicine cat. "I'm feeling . . . prophetically . . . sleepy . . ." Brightpaw said, as a fog came over her mind and put her in a deep sleep.

The land was dark, grotesque, hung with dead foliage and smog clouds. A cat shrouded in shadows stalked towards the dreaming medicine cat apprentice. "Listen, kit, this was going to happen sometime or another. I'm here to give you a somewhat earth-shattering prophecy that seems important but really isn't. Hey, it's better than a vision, those have absolutely no meaning.

"What?" Brightpaw said, confused again.

"You will fall into the wind and the trout will lay with the frog and won't ripple anymore. How's that?" The shadowy cat shuffled its paws.

Brightpaw, as any good medicine cat, didn't understand. "I wonder what that means . . ." she murmured, before waking delicately to the WindClan border.

The medicine cat apprentice began the trek home from the border, which had become second nature. She was deep in her own thoughts as a cat lay, screaming, on the ground. He was obviously

in pain. "You're a medicine cat, right?" the tom panted. Brightpaw said nothing, and kept on walking. "I need your help! I'm hurt!" He yelled. "Isn't it part of your code that you have to help all hurt cats?"

Brightpaw let him suffer and only vaguely heard him, so was her reply: "Our code hardly exists!"

The she-cat was in the deepest thought she had ever been engaged in. "Who's frog? And wind? Maybe there'll be a tornado or something I'll die in." Prophecies are ever so hard, aren't they? After this difficult pondering, she pushed through the vines of the ThunderClan medicine cat den. Her mentor lay there, looking quite lazy with a satisfied look on her face.

"Are you okay, Coldleaf?" Brightpaw exclaimed. Coldleaf had a look of absolute calm on his face as he gazed into Brightpaw's eyes. "I have something to tell you." The older medicine cat said gleefully.

Muahaha! Enjoy the cliffhanger. -fire

Chapter Eight

Coldleaf started to talk, "My secret is that you have to have some catmint to lure the WindClan cats."

Brightpaw looked at him, "Only?"

Coldleaf nodded, "Only catmint and you can find toms right away."

Brightpaw screeched, "Yay!"

Coldleaf walked away. Brightpaw grabbed a pawful of catmint and went to work.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty." Brightpaw chanted.

Nothing came.

Brightpaw thought, I'm using the wrong words.

"WindClan members, come, come."
Brightpaw chanted.

Nothing came.

Brightpaw dropped onto the ground, "Some cat love me!" she shouted.

Nothing came. She decided to take drastic measures. She was, going to . . . step over the border.

She stepped over and all of the toms came chasing after her, wanting her signature, her love, her catmint.

"Best day ever!" she shouted. "Coldleaf was 100% right."

The day went by pretty quickly. Brightpaw was crowned Queen of WindClan. She had a silver crown on her head and some ice cream in her paws.

The moon started rising and all the cats left Brightpaw.

Brightpaw walked home, "It was great while it lasted."

Another day means another time to meet more of the WindClan members. Maybe WindClan's leader will come next time. She laughed and jumped into her shallow nest and hurt her head.

~

Hi, I'm one of the newest admins. My name is Whisper <3. I'm so excited to finally post a chapter. I apologize if it is short and/or not funny. I will be sure to improve on them.

~Whisper

Chapter Nine

Heatherfeather was sitting in her den, pushing the herbs, sorting them, then mixing them up again.

"I'm bored, I wonder if I could get some water and prey," Heatherfeather mumbled.

Brightpaw on the other paw was jumping around. "I'm actually happy about being a medicine cat. I get to see all of the Clan. Walk in their territory and not get in trouble! Hmm, which WindClan member should I fall in love with next?"

Heatherfeather was lapping water with her tongue. She was getting up when he saw a pretty little cat.

"Brightpaw, where is your mentor? His name is Cold-uhhh---" Heatherfeather whispered, confused.

Brightpaw looked at him, "You mean Coldleaf?"

Heatherfeather nodded, too nervous to speak anymore. Brightpaw danced around and started to walk away.

"Wait! Brightpaw, I can teach you something!" Heatherfeather finally let out some words.

Brightpaw turned away and stared at him, "Sure!"

"Did you know that I used to be a warrior?" Heatherfeather asked.

Brightpaw shook her head, "Was it fun?"

"Of course not, pffffft. You aren't special, you get placed in the allegiances with so many other warriors that the reader won't even see your name!" Heatherfeather answered.

"That's the greatest idea you made there!" Brightpaw smiled.

Heatherfeather blushed, "Yeah, I'm smart."

Brightpaw blushed back, "Heatherfeather, I-I---"

"I friend you Brightpaw!" she blurted out.

"I friend you too!" Brightpaw purred.

The two of them talked all day. Picking the best plant, grass. Talking about the new medicine code. Eating catmint like there was no tomorrow.

"Then, we can have this big banner that says, *Brightpaw and Heatherfeather 4 life*!" they both cheered.

"This is the best day ever!" Heatherfeather cheered.

Brightpaw meowed, "I should be getting back to camp."

Heatherfeather was disappointed, "Brightpaw, I got a present for you." she meowed trying to cheer up.

Heatherfeather put a rose on her head and gave her some more catmint(chocolate).

"Thank you, Heatherfeather, we should meet again later." Brightpaw meowed.

Heatherfeather watched her future best friend walk away. She had hearts in her eyes. "I love her."

She packed up the rest of the catmint and started heading home.

"Lalalalalalalalalalala! Going to meet my friend!" Heatherfeather cheered.

The random leader walked to the medicine cat, "It isn't Brightpaw right? I heard that she was friending this other cat."

Heatherfeather's heart splattered all over the ground. "Noooooooooooo!"

She sat in her den, isolated. She started crying. "Why, StarClan!"

StarClan comes down to Heatherfeather, "It's because Brightpaw is pretty. Plus, she got permission from us to friend any cat she wants."

Heatherfeather starts eating some thyme. StarClan disappears.

"I'm going to write a note maybe then she can best friend me!"

Dear Brightpaw,

I-

She crumbled the paper.

Dear Brightoaw,

Scrambled the paper.

Deer Brightpaw,

Scrambled. The. Paper.

However, there was finally no typos, and she finished.

Heatherfeather leaped in joy, "Yay! I'm done!"

She looks at the words. Heatherfeather screams in fury, "I wrote it on the ground!"

Then she decided that she wasn't good enough and whispered, "Brightpaw, I know you are out there, I just hope you are happy," she cried, tears streamed down her face, "I friend you."

Other chapter by Whisper! I hope you enjoy!

P.S. This is a better chapter right xD. Love y'all!

Chapter Ten

Coldleaf stepped onto the leader's Highrock and let out a yowl to call the cats of the Clan to gather. "All cats that are capable of chewing catmint by yourselves, gather around the Highrock!"

"Oh, dang it," said Orangefluff, a she-cat who had a digestive problem and needed to be tube-fed.

The cats of ThunderClan all came to the rock, including the leader who didn't bother to wonder why the medicine cat was on the rock instead of him.

"Why have we been called together?" an elder called out.

"No reason. I just wanted to stand up here and see how it felt to be a leader. You can leave now." Coldleaf leaped off the rock and headed to his own den.

The cats all grumbled and went their ways.

Coldleaf then promptly found Brightpaw, who was whispering with another apprentice in some bushes. "BRIGHTPAW!" he screamed. "TIME FOR US TO COLLECT SOME HERBS WE DON'T NEED!"

Brightpaw stumbled out of the bush, fur windswept and non-existant lipstick smeared. "Coming!" She managed to compose herself, gave a coy smile to the tom still in the bushes, and went after Coldleaf.

"We have a great and urgent need for catmint," Coldleaf stated in a low, dramatic tone.

"Last I checked, that was the only herb that we had."

"But there's too less of it!"

"It fills up half of our den."

"Do not question me, young apprentice!"

Brightpaw shrugged and continued following him. They eventually came to the Thunderpath in front of the Twolegplace.

"We've got to cross the Thunderpath," Coldleaf said, standing strong in the random moonlight that showed up as he gaze swept over the blackened ground.

"We've crossed it about a million times before when we were getting catmint, Coldleaf," Brightpaw responded, effortlessly running across the Thunderpath. "Come off of it! You get dramatic every time you get high on catmint!"

"I do not!" he screeched indignantly as he followed her, causing a monster to swerve and crash as he did so. "Okay, maybe I do sometimes," he added as an afterthought when he caught up to her.

"Whatever. There's the catmint. Let's grab it and go."

"Onwards!"

The two medicine cats made their way towards the patch of catmint and ripped up about a truckload of leafy green leaves and teleported back to the ThunderClan camp using their medicine cat powers. They dropped the catmint in their den, and then went their separate ways.

Ta-da! That's all for today. Duskie out.

Chapter Eleven

Troutpaw sat in the medicine cat den, sorting herbs. "Catmint goes here, catmint goes over there, catmint goes to the left, catmint goes inside the hole in the wall, catmint goes in the water, catmint goes everywhere because we actually don't have any other herbs..." he muttered to himself.

"Troutpaw, stop sorting herbs, we're going to the Moonpool!" Ripplestripe yowled at him.

"But it's not half-moon yet..." Troutpaw protested. "And we're med cats, we don't go to the Moonpool, anyways."

"Don't argue with your mentor!" Ripplestripe screeched. "Besides, it's been ages since I've gotten the chance to flirt with the other medicine cats."

"But... But I thought I was your mate?" Troutpaw asked, devastated. "WHY DO YOU HATE ME?!?!?!?" he wailed, rushing out of camp and towards the ThunderClan border even though ThunderClan is on the opposite side of the lake cuz logic.

On the way there, a fox tried to attack him, but Troutpaw laughed in its face. "Medicine cats can't get attacked in fanfics, didn't you know?" he yelled at the fox as he raced past.

Troutpaw got to the border and stopped for a moment, wondering if he should just turn around and go back. Then he remembered that he was supposed to be upset and rushed blindly past the border, wailing about his heartbreak.

He crashed into a cat, and they both fell over in a tangle of paws. Blinking, Troutpaw took in the she-cat that lay before him.

"Hey, aren't you the one who's dating Ripplestripe?" the she-cat asked.

"Naw, we broke up," Troutpaw said casually, forgetting that he was supposed to be distraught.

"Ah, I bet that's why you rushed onto our territory, isn't it? That's a classic."

"Yeah, I suppose I overreacted a bit," Troutpaw admitted, blushing.

"No, no, that's absolutely normal for a med cat! If you want to know a thing or two about how to be a *proper* medicine cat, come and meet me at the border tonight," Coldleaf wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

"Wait, what?" Troutpaw asked, confused.

"Well, you certainly are as oblivious as a true medicine cat, I'll give you that," Coldleaf muttered. "If you want to know the secrets of the trade, come see me at the border tonight, alright? If not, then you can just go about being an ordinary, boring medicine cat and having to deal with Ripplestripe *alwaaaaays* nagging at you and reminding you of your broken heart." Coldleaf looked at him sideways. "If you want," she added coyly, blinking her long eyelashes.

Troutpaw found himself staring into her eyes, wondering how he had missed such beauty for so long, even though he actually wasn't that old and had never met the ThunderClan medicine cat.

"Well," Coldleaf purred, "you'd better get back to Ripplestripe."

"Ripple-who?" Troutpaw asked, blinking stupidly.

"Your mentor," Coldleaf clarified.

"Oh. Right. *Her*," Troutpaw answered grumpily, not wanting to be reminded of that annoying she-cat who had never meant anything to him.

"Remember, meet me at the border . . ." Coldleaf whispered as she walked away sassily.

Troutpaw magically managed to get back to camp without being

seen, still daydreaming about Coldleaf.

"Troutpaw, I'm so sorry!" Ripplestripe wailed from the center of camp as he entered. "I love you and I'll never love anyone else ever, please take me back!" she yowled. The other cats in the camp just went about their business like normal, ignoring the wailing cat with invisible mascara running down her face even though RiverClan cats should be wearing waterproof mascara.

"Hmm . . ." Troutpaw said, considering it. "I guess, but I'm still going to see Coldleaf later." He shrugged indifferently.

"OH, THANK YOU, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH I DON'T CARE WHO ELSE YOU'RE SEEING!" Ripplestripe yowled ecstatically, and they both disappeared into the medicine den.

This was written be le Amazing Annco. I hope you liked it! :3

Chapter Twelve

Brightpaw needed to find some cat.

"Heatherfeather! I'm leaving!" she yowled.

Heatherfeather was still sleeping in his nest.

She shrugged her shoulders and walked to the Twolegplace.

"Hello? May I fall in love with one of you?" Brightpaw asked even though she knew that's not how love works.

She saw this purple-ish colored cat, his fur ruffled in the right direction, the sun beamed down on him. He was the one.

Brightpaw glared at him and on the ground, other female cats were fan-cating over him. They were uglier than Brightpaw of course.

Brightpaw needed to make an entrance. "Ahhh," she pretends to faint on the ground.

The purple-ish cat ran up to her, "She needs help."

The tom was desperate, he put his mouth on Brightpaw's cheek.

Brightpaw bursts alive.

"My name is Brightpaw," she meowed.

"My name is Plum," he replied.

Brightpaw hugged him and all of the uglier than Brightpaw female cats walked away, disappointed.

Plum and Brightpaw talked a lot. Plum talked about being Gleamstar's kit. He left to be a Twoleg's cat because he didn't want to be in ThunderClan.

Brightpaw asked him if he wanted to join her Clan.

"I want to join! I love you Brightpaw." Plum meowed.

They both needed to cross the Thunderpath that appeared out of no where.

Brightpaw and Plum waited for the monsters to pass by.

"NOW!" the cats yowled.

The two cats ran across, a monster came closer to them.

"BRIGHTPAW!" Plum yowled and he pushed the pretty she-cat.

The monster made a louder noise and it ran over Plum.

"NO!" Brightpaw screeched.

Plum stopped breathing.

"No . . ." Brightpaw meowed, as tears fell from her pretty eyes to the ground.

Brightpaw walked home, alone. She was sad. She couldn't bury Plum because it was too late. He died in front of her, she quietly walked to her nest and fell asleep.

Whisper here! Sorry for a short chapter, Whispy is tired. Whispy needs sleep. Good night, Whispy.

Chapter Thirteen

Rio here :D It's been a while since I've updated this book (I think), so here's a chapter now. Please enjoy <3

Frogfur let a yawn escape his mouth as he laid in his nest, snoring through sunhigh. Kaletail was standing over him with a cross expression, her eyes narrowed with spite. "Come over here mouse," the tom muttered in his sleep, paws meekly stretching forward.

"Are you *ever* going to get up and help me treat Redpaw?" she hissed, gesturing at the ginger tom, who was gasping and choking in his nest, eyes on the gigantic store of catmint."He is currently dying from StarClan-knows-what!"

Frogfur opened one eye, grunting to acknowledge the other medicine cat. "I'm *talking* to StarClan, so if you would shut up, maybe I would get to knows what StarClan knows!" He let out a soft hiss, rolling over in his nest and using his paws to muffle the loud coughs that were currently racking Redpaw's small body.

Kaletail rolled her eyes and grabbed some catmint from the stores in the back. She opened the ginger tom's jaw, but quickly dropped it when a spurt of blood erupted from the back of his throat. "Gross!" exclaimed the medicine cat, grooming her fur down. "Can you shut up for one second so I can treat you?"

Redpaw gasped for air, trying to stay quite.

"*Thank* you," muttered Kaletail, opening the tom's jaw again and shoving in some catmint stems. Immediately the tom leaped up, healed magically.

"Thanks Kaletail!" the apprentice chirped. "I'm as healthy as a, uh, StarClan cat. . ?"

Kaletail sat down and curled her tail around her paws. "Well, I just saved you from the brink of death with catmint, so I would hope

you're not *dead* and in StarClan," she responded, unfazed.

Redpaw beamed at her, turning on his paws and skipping out of the den. "Love you lots," the tom called over his shoulder.

"Hate you too," Kaletail hissed back. "Jeez. . . I feel like he purposely gets sick so I can treat him. I'm like, five times older than him!" she muttered to herself.

Redpaw poked his head back into the medicine den. "Why can't we be Firestar and Spottedleaf?" he crooned.

"Because I'm not going to get murdered by a ShadowClan tom with a horrible name. . ?" Kaletail responded.

Redpaw's smile dropped off his face, and he trudged, reluctantly, back to his mentor.

❦❦❦

Ripplestripe hummed to herself as she walked out of camp, passing a patrol of warriors. "Hello, boys," she purred, accompanying her call with a wolf-whistle, because cats can obviously do that.

One of the toms, a ginger warrior named Salmonflop, whistled back. "Meet me by the birch cluster at moonhigh," he called back. Ripplestripe winked and swerved away from the group, passing a clump of tansy.

"Meh," she muttered to herself. "We have enough of that. Let's get some more catmint!" She skipped toward the ShadowClan border and started looking for said catmint, because it obviously grows rampant in the wild. In her search, Ripplestripe accidentally stepped over the border as she kept her nose to the ground, only focused on finding catmint.

The sound of pawsteps made the she-cat look up. Frogfur was standing a few fox-lengths away, his eyes narrowed. "You're trespassing," he said flatly.

"Whatever," dismissed Ripplestripe. "I'm a medicine cat. Rules don't apply to me." Her gaze wandered over the tom's body; she observed

his jiggling belly and dull fur. Her eyes grew narrow with a smirk.

"What are you staring at. . ?" Frogfur asked dubiously, taking an awkward step back.

"Oh, nothing," Ripplestripe purred, flicking her tail to the side. "Do you want to meet me at the border at moonhigh?" She ignored the pained wails of Salmonflop, who was marking the border only a few pawsteps behind her.

"No," Frogfur responded curtly, spinning on his paws and padding back to camp. "And get back into your territory!" he called over his shoulder.

Chapter Fourteen

"It's *that* time of the month," Coldleaf snarled at Brightpaw, her tone even colder and leafier than usual. "The most uncomfortable, sleep-depriving, chaotic time of the month."

Brightpaw tried to ignore Coldleaf's tone, and clambered out of her nest, sniffling. She was depressed about Plum and hadn't found any new replacements yet, so her heart was utterly broken that not even her mentor's words could change the way she felt. "Wh-what time of the month?" she muttered.

"Gathering night!" snarled Coldleaf. "Us medicine cats loved going to the gatherings back in the day, but all they do there is talk about unimportant Clan-dung about warriors and apprentices and kits. Eventually it became utterly boring."

Suddenly a spark knocked Brightpaw's head. "Gathering? You mean as in WindClan will be there?"

"*Everyone* has to go. You'd better get ready."

Brightpaw gleefully skipped up to her paws in happiness. All hope for her was not lost! She would surely find her true love in no time!

❦❦❦

Troutpaw and Ripplestripe sorted their herbs in the awkward silence. Things have been quite tense between the two for the past few days, considering the fact that even though they had professed their undying love towards one another but yet still snuck out to see other cats. When Troutpaw grabbed the last catmint leaf and stored it within the endless herb supply, Ripplestripe decided to break the silence.

"We've got a gathering tonight, huh?" she mumbled gauchely, fumbling her paws.

Troutpaw shrugged. "I guess." For a moment he was bitterly quiet, before blurting out, "I saw you the other night . . . trying to *cheat* on me."

She blinked. "And you're not? You've no right to vilify me; all *you* think about is Coldleaf, and she's just an old fart that's just ready to die of her profoundly old age any day!" Ripplestripe snapped, flinching her head back. She immediately covered her mouth with her tail, surprised even at herself at the sudden outbreak.

The RiverClan medicine apprentice sighed with great annoyance. "She's not much older than you are, by the way." He paused, stopping himself from arguing as a thought crossed his mind. "Maybe we aren't meant to be. Maybe we were meant to split paths."

Ripplestripe's breath caught in her throat. "But---but Troutpaw. Despite this, I still love you!"

"Sometimes love doesn't mean we have to have a relationship! We differ too greatly," he meowed, shaking his head.

She snarled. "Oh, okay, I completely get it! Fine!" She whirled around and sassily walked away from the medicine cat den that she (*unfortunately*) shared with her former lover. Secretly, deep within her heart felt broken.

❦❦❦

Brightpaw happily scampered on ahead of her Clan, her mind already off of all of her dead lovers. She was close to the gathering, and the hypnotizing moor-y scent of WindClan hung strongly into the air. Unbeknownst to all her Clanmates, especially to Coldleaf, she had a plan.

Tonight, I'll seduce all the WindClan toms! she thought with confidence. *They all can't die at once, right? I'll prove to the readers that I'm not a stereotype! I'll especially show my Clan that I'm not cursed!*

Happily, she entered into the gathering place and immediately saw

a number of WindClan tons at once. Her breath shakily escaped her throat. "It's beautiful . . ."

"Go mingle!" Coldleaf said, shoving Brightpaw out of the way. "Just don't---"

Brightpaw had already ran after a large group of WindClan toms who all laughing and sharing battle moves and inside jokes with each other, cutting off Coldleaf from her words. She was more eager to talk to this rather convenient crowd of WindClan cats rather than listen to her nagging mentor.

As she got there, she halted in her tracks. The most handsome of all the toms, whom stood tall and strong with a beautiful black pelt that rippled in the breeze, met her gaze.

"I'm in love," breathed Brightpaw, and she immediately forgot about everything else as she started at this WindClan tom. He stared at her too and separated himself from the crowd, glassy amber eyes shining in the beautiful moonlight.

"I'm Crowcrow," he said in a husky voice.

"Crowcrow," purred Brightpaw, and immediately sat by his side, trying to seduce him with her beauty. "I'm Brightpaw, a medicine cat."

"What a beautiful name!" he meowed.

"From now on, meet me at the border every night, okay? I think I love you," she told him.

Crowcrow purred in response, nuzzling her. No cat seemed to care at the very intimate feel between these two cats from different Clans, as everyone was already use to the medicine cats flirting with everyone.

"I have to go now. I want to meet more WindClan toms in case you accidentally die," Brightpaw murmured.

"What?" Crowcrow asked.

"Oh, nothing. I will see you later, my love," she purred, and Crowcrow immediately forgot her strangely horrifying words in seconds as her tail swept across his nose flirtatiously.

❦❦❦

Troutpaw sighed with annoyance as he and the rest of RiverClan entered the gathering place. "Would you stop following me around, Ripplestripe? I thought we broke up!"

"N-no, we didn't. I'm over that!" she responded. "Let's continue being mates!" He kept on walking despite her words, to where a few of the medicine cats were speaking toward the back of the clearing. "No way, you're off to see Coldleaf again, aren't you?" she snarled.

"What else would I do? I'm not *your* mate," Troutpaw snapped.

Ripplestripe's eyes flared. "We'll see about that!"

She angrily followed Troutpaw, much to his annoyance, all the way to the mingling medicine cats. "Hi Coldleaf," Troutpaw immediately said to the ThunderClan medicine cat, openly nuzzling her face.

"Hey," purred Coldleaf, batting her long flirtatious eyelashes. "What's *Ripplestripe* doing here, following you around like a lost kit? I thought you broke up with her."

"I did," he said.

At the same time, Ripplestripe growled, "We didn't."

The three glared at each other.

"Well, anyways . . . that's Kaletail, she's of ShadowClan." Coldleaf pointed with her nose to the friendly-seeming she-cat. "And I'm not sure you've met him before, but that is Frogfur."

"Pleased to meet you, Kaletail, Frog---" Troutpaw's words cut in his throat when he spotted Frogfur. "F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F---"

"Err, are you okay?" Frogfur asked.

Troutpaw's eyes glinted with a sudden brightness. "Frogfur."

"Um, yes?"

"Frogfur . . ."

"Spit it out already!" Frogfur said, beginning to feel a bit weirded out.

Troutpaw immediately ran up to Frogfur and kissed him. Before anyone could react, Troutpaw exclaimed, "I'm in love with you, Frogfur!"

"WHAT?!" Kaletail, Coldleaf and Ripplestripe all exclaimed at the same time.

"You can't do that!" Ripplestripe suddenly gasped, her heart breaking three times over. "You want to cheat on me again, but with a tom?! Toms can't like toms!"

"Stop denying my sexuality! I've always known from the start that I liked toms more than she-cats, I just had to find the right one! I love you more than any cat I've ever been with, Frogfur!"

Kaletail shrugged it out and walked away, but Coldleaf and Ripplestripe stared, completely utterly shocked and heart-broken. Frogfur stared with wide eyes, just as shocked as the she-cats, and the gathering quieted with complete suspense.

A stereotype had been broken.

Hey guys it was Lightning writing this chapter! I hope you liked my writing style and that huge plot-twist *evilly laughs*. Anywho, stay tuned for chapter fifteen I guess.

~~Lightning

Chapter Fifteen

The silence loomed over the Gathering like a hawk; Troutpaw's eyes were lit by a wild fire of passion as his muzzle hung open. The tom seemed to wilt with each heartbeat that passed without the response he wanted.

"Oh, Troutpaw, I love you too!" was what he wanted to hear. "Okay, bye," is what Frogfur actually said. Disappointed, the medicine cat apprentice dropped onto the ground into a ball of fur, sobbing hysterically at the rejection. Ripplestripe padded toward her apprentice, tail stroking his side as she whispered into his ear. Troutpaw only cried louder.

"How could you break his heart!" muttered a warrior. "He's just a young apprentice. . . Frogfur is such a *foxheart!"*

The ShadowClan medicine cat hacked up a glob of spit, sending it into the ground and onto the eyes of the warrior. The WindClan cat collapsed, claws blindly trying to scratch off the poisonous substance. Pleased, Frogfur let a smug smile light his eyes as he turned toward the Clan leaders, who were staring down with shock. "Continue, please," the tom meowed, rolling his eyes.

Just as one of the leaders began to speak, Frogfur stood up. All the eyes in the Gathering watched him as he padded out to Troutpaw. The whimpering apprentice looked up at him with hopeful eyes that were shiny with tears. Frogfur kicked his face, turned around, and left the Gathering.

Troutpaw burst back into tears. Ripplestripe climbed on top of the tom, practically shouting her
comforting words. "It's okay, Troutpaw!" she yelled for all the cats to here. "We all know you were just pretending. . . you love me the most!"

Troutpaw shook his head, a river of tears leading toward the side of the island. A small fish was at the edge, trying to swim up it. "I'm

'bout as straight as a rainbow," the apprentice meowed softly. "And you're not an option. So please quit your assault-like tendencies and go back to dating every tom in RiverClan, except for me."

The gray-furred tom got to his paws with a sniff and followed Frogfur out of the Gathering.

The ShadowClan medicine cat was climbing over the large tree bridge, his belly brushing against the wood. "Those youngins' are crazy," he muttered quietly. "Crazy as a bat on catmint." Nimble on his paws, Troutpaw scampered up behind the tom.

"Uh, I'm sorry if I scared you," he mewed quietly.

Surprised, Frogfur gave a little jump. As he came back down, his claws unsheathed, looking for perch on the fallen tree , but his paws were spread too far about. The ShadowClan medicine cat let out a yelp as he practically slid downward into the splits.

Frogfur was hugging the log.

"You love the log more than me," whimpered Troutpaw, falling into another fit of tears.

"Save me, you worthless lump of dung!" shouted Frogfur as his body started sliding sideways. With a big swing, he was now hanging upsidedown, muzzle open and eyes lit with fear. "Help me!"

Nothing could get Troutpaw out of his slump as he sobbed louder, unable to hear the cries. Frogfur grunted, an idea springing into his head.

"I love you Troutpaw!" he yelled, but before the RiverClan apprentice could save him, Frogfur plunged into the cold lake water.

ᓚ Rio can do cliffhangers too! Sorry for the shorter chapter, but I like keeping things at the normal length. ᓚ

Chapter Sixteen

In the pines of ShadowClan and wail is heard as the medicine cat runs over to help.

"Redpaw, what's wrong" Kaletail asked.

He coughs and fake cough and in his sickly voice, "I don't feel well."

Kaletail groans, "I'm going to get some herbs."

Redpaw sees her leave then smiles knowing that he caught her attention.

Kaletail looks back and sees Redpaw smiling. *I knew he was faking it, but I kind of like it.*

Redpaw sees her coming back with herbs in her jaw, the sun glow, on her fur.

Redpaw eats the bitter herbs, even though he wasn't sick.

Kaletail smiled, "You will be better soon."

Redpaw confesses his love to Kaletail. She blushes in joy.

"Redpaw I'm a medicine cat and I'm not allowed to have a mate." Kaletail meowed.

"But I love you." Redpaw replied. "What about in secret?"

"In secret? I didn't think of that. I want to be your mate." Kaletail replied.

"We should go to Moonpool and stare at the prettiness." Redpaw meowed.

The two cats leave the clan.

"Wait where are they going?" A random ShadowClan cat asked the other ShadowClan cat

"I think they are fulfilling Leafpool's legacy." The other random ShadowClan cat replied.

The first cat replied in a short tone, "Oh."

~

Chapter written by Whisper before her trip. I hope you like :D Sorry if it is short :(

Chapter Seventeen

Troutpaw's green eyes glowed as he stared at the undefined boundary between ShadowClan and RiverClan. The Twoleg half-bridge was to his left, accompanied by a marshy patch of shore and the lake. To his right was a few towering pines that had been claimed by RiverClan.

The medicine cat apprentice inhaled sharply, tasting the dank stench of ShadowClan. He pictured his one true love: A black-pelted tom with gloriously smooth fur and beautifully sharp hazel eyes. His eyes grew dreamy; Troutpaw's balance wavered as a vision overtook his mind, forcing out the smell of the border and his surroundings.

A star-pelted cat emerged from the trees. "Love is forbidden when it is true," the cat spoke in a whispy voice. "And sometimes, a cat doesn't realize the candor of their love." Troutpaw opened his muzzle to respond, to beg for more information, but the cat faded away.

Startled, the tom awoke to a pair of paws on his shoulders, shaking him awake. "Wake up, you slug!" shouted a familiar, silky, smooth, dazzling voice. "Wake up!"

Troutpaw opened his eyes; his vision was blurry as he stumbled to his paws. "You don't realize it," he mumbled, words slurred. "You can't. . ."

"You must have hit your head," the blurry blob of black fur muttered. "C'mon, let's get you back to your camp."

"No!" Troutpaw wailed. "I must find *him*."

"Well, *he* doesn't care that much. Troutpaw, for StarClan's sake, get that leaf off your eyes."

A claw ripped across his vision, and suddenly the word became clear. A torn leaf, with a checkerboard pattern of missing squares

and present bits of leaf, had been dangled over his eyes. Troutpaw blinked the weariness out of his eyes and glanced at the tom who had saved him.

"Frogfur!" he gasped, surprise lightning his green eyes. The tom gave him a bored glance.

"Get back to your camp," the ShadowClan medicine cat meowed gruffly. "I don't need you moping 'round the border."

"But I love you!" sobbed Troutpaw. Rolling his eyes, Frogfur gave the tom a shove, sending over the border and into a lump of depressed fur.

❦❦❦

Kaletail's green eyes bore into Redpaw as the ginger apprentice bounded ahead of her. The Moonpool was only up the side of the hill, but hesitation made the she-cat stop. *What will Frogfur think?* A bitter taste rose into the she-cat's throat.

"I—I don't think we should do this," Kaletail muttered, dipping her head slightly. Fear haunted Redpaw's eyes as the calico she-cat seated herself on the side of the hill.

"But I love you!" Redpaw cried, a sob welling in his throat. "I love you so much that I make myself throw up blood so you can treat me! I love you so much that I eat bad prey so you can give me herbs. I love you so much that I leaped out of tree and broke my leg so you would be forced to take care of me. Why can't you understand this?"

"I understand it," Kaletail replied, trying to sound gentle but ultimately failing. A slight hint of anger hardened in her tone. "I just. . . I just don't really return the feelings." She shrugged. "Sometimes I feel like I'm the only medicine cat who doesn't want to hook up with every other warrior in the forest!"

Redpaw sniffed slightly. "Well I'm not a warrior," he meowed. "So that statement can still apply."

"Your ceremony is in two suns. . . I overheard Frogfur talking to the

leader. You're only still an apprentice because you leaped out of that tree. . . and tried to drown yourself. . . and let a fox bite off your tail."

Redpaw took a deep breath, eyeing the slopes. "So if I get injured again. . . I won't have to become a warrior?"

Kaletail squared her expression. "Don't hurt yourself so you can talk to me. Just be a normal cat and strike up a conversation, or ask to go on patrol, or tell me about your day. And *please* avoid that cliff." With no further words, the calico she-cat whisked her tail, turned, and padded away.

ᓚ Rio here. I think the second half of the chapter might be the most realistic so far. . . ᓚ

Chapter Eighteen

Ripplestripe lay in her nest, sobbing. "Why won't you love me?!" she wailed dramatically, and Troutpaw rolled his eyes.

"I told you, I have more of a thing for toms. Well, really just one tom... The way his fur glistens with the-"

"I don't want to hear you talk about your new lover," Ripplestripe growled.

"-beauty of shadows..." Troutpaw finished, ignoring her. "You know what, I'm going to go talk to him!"

"You can't just walk into another Clan's territory!" Ripplestripe said, exasperated.

"I'll just ask to borrow some catmint." Troutpaw shrugged. "Isn't that the only reason medicine cats ask for catmint?"

"Ugh, fine, go. See if I care..." Ripplestripe muttered grumpily.

Brightpaw sat in the medicine cat den, bored. "Coldleaf, there's nothing to do!"

"You could go flirt with WindClan," the medicine cat suggested.

"But I've already dated the entire Clan!" Brightpaw sobbed.

"Go flirt with one of the toms in this Clan, then!" Coldleaf huffed, exasperated.

"Oh, I didn't think of that... Thanks, Coldleaf!" Brightpaw called over her shoulder as she bounced into the clearing to say hello to a very attractive ThunderClan tom.

Troutpaw walked into the ShadowClan camp confidently, and none of the cats gave him any second looks; they were used to random medicine cats coming and going by now. He walked into the medicine cat den, after checking quickly to make sure his fur looked okay.

"Frogfur, I have come-" Troutpaw began dramatically.

"He's not here, Troutpaw," Kaletail said boredly.

"Can you tell me where he is?" Troutpaw asked anxiously.

"I think he's avoiding you, and as his loyal apprentice, I really shouldn't tell you where he is."

"That's too bad," Troutpaw began, "because I could have sworn that I saw Redpaw about to jump off of a very tall object as I was coming... If I were to know where Frogfur were, why, I feel almost certain that I could lead you back to Redpaw." Troutpaw blinked innocently as Kaletail glared at him.

"Fine," she grumbled. "He's off getting catmint from the ThunderClan medicine cat. Now take me to Redpaw!"

Troutpaw led Kaletail to very tall pine tree, where Redpaw was perching at the top.

"Redpaw!" Kaletail yowled at him. "If you don't get down from there right now, I will never talk to you again *ever*! You can injure yourself all you want, but I'll just treat you silently without saying a word!"

Redpaw scurried down the tree. "I just wanted to get you to talk to me!"

"Well, don't do it like that!" Kaletail said irritably.

"You two are so in love," Troutpaw muttered.

"No!" Kaletail stated irritably and stalked off, while Redpaw and

Troutpaw exchanged a knowing glance.

"Anyways, I've got to go make Frogfur love me," Troutpaw said as he walked off.

Troutpaw made his way to ThunderClan, day-dreaming about Frogfur the whole way. When he finally entered the camp, he looked around eagerly, but Frogfur was nowhere to be seen. Troutpaw made his way to the medicine cat den hopefully, and inside sat Frogfur.

"Hey, Troutpaw, did you come to see me again?" Coldleaf asked hopefully.

"Sorry, Coldleaf, I was actually looking for Frogfur." He turned to Frogfur, scuffling his paws a little. "Um... hi," he said.

Frogfur sighed. "What do want, and how did you find me?"

"I want to tell you how much I love you, and I want to beg for you to please consider me!" Troutpaw waited hopefully for a response.

"Troupaw... I. DON'T. LOVE. YOU. Now, if you would please stop making up excuses to come and see me, that would be wonderful. Tell me who told you where I am, then go back to RiverClan where you belong."

"Fine!" Troutpaw wailed, rushing out of the den. "But I'm not telling you who told me!" he called over his shoulder as he passed Brightpaw rubbing shoulders with a random tom.

He ran all the way back to RiverClan and sobbed over his broken heart.

Written by le Amazing Annco

Chapter Nineteen

⌁ Written by Rio! ⌁

Heatherfeather let out a grunt as she padded up to the RiverClan border, considering the strong fishy scent that lingered that. The memory of Troutpaw's insanity at the previous Gathering was enough to make her take a few steps away. She took a second to let her gaze settle over the marsh area. *Are there. . . are there cats hiding in that bush?* Heatherfeather squinted at it, moving closer and ignoring the piscine* smell.

Ripplestripe was on the other side of the border, flirting with a WindClan tom. The gray she-cat took a few steps closer to them, anger glowing in her amber eyes.

"Sandyfur!" Heatherfeather gasped, spotting one of the many toms she was in a flirtationship** with. "How—how could you *cheat* on me?"

The pale brown tom stepped out from behind the bush, with Ripplestripe trailing behind him. "Well, ya see," he began. "Cheatin', at least in this case, is a two way street. You were flirtin' with all those otha toms before me, and I thought you'd be decent enough to stop, but ya' kept on flirtin' with all 'dem toms in da Clan. And I was hurt, deep in ma' soul, so I stopped seeing ya' and found this youngin' from RiverClan."

Heatherfeather's eyes lit with disbelief. "Really? Ripplestripe is at least _twice_ my age, and probably twice my age too! And stop talking like that—you're not a street cat."

"Don't tell my precious snugglebug that he's a street cat," Ripplestripe purred, weaving her tail into Sandyfur's. "His accent is *adorable."*

Heatherfeather snorted. "Oh please," she remarked. "I've been his

Clanmate for twenty moons, and he's never talked like that in his life."

Ripplestripe let out a gasp. "You're older than *twenty moons*?" she asked in disbelief.

"You're older than thirty," objected Sandyfur, not addressing her point directly. His ears were folded against his skull, and his 'adorable' accent had completely disappeared. Heatherfeather sat back with a smirk, ready to watch the drama unfold.

"Well you lied to me! I never told you my age, so it's not like I'm untruthful," Ripplestripe hissed, unsheathing her claws.

Sandyfur looked her up and down with a skeptical look in his green eyes, letting silence hang over the pair of arguing cats. "Do you really want to try to beat me in a fight?" he asked carefully, sounding more apologetic than frustrated now.

"Yes," Ripplestripe meowed, launching her anything-but-lithe body at the WindClan warrior. He easily batted her out of the air with unsheathed claws, watching her with an amused expression. The RiverClan she-cat charged again, but this time she attacked Heatherfeather.

Ripplestripe's claw was mere whisker-lengths away from her throat as Heatherfeather struggled beneath the larger she-cat. But before the RiverClan cat could continue with the murder, a lithe tom burst between them. Dazed from the attack, Ripplestripe tumbled off of the WindClan cat, rolling to the side.

Heatherfeather was breathing heavily, her mind going to into a slight phase of shock. The tom hovered over her, anxiety gleaming in his blue eyes. "Salmon—Salmonflop?" the medicine cat meowed in disbelief, and then her vision when black.

Not the French word; the one that means 'relating to fish'

****Relationship based on flirting only.***

Chapter Twenty

*****DRAMATIC FLASHBACK COMMENCES*****

Heatherpaw bounded lopsidedly across the WindClan moor, her leg throbbing profusely. Blood rushed swiftly from a large gash situated towards her paw and spilled harshly against the soft, pastel grass. She recalled her previous motives as she began to tire; what was she thinking? A WindClan cat couldn't climb trees, even if they'd managed to launch a prize rabbit into the tops of a grand oak. She was a useless hunter, no cat could deny. Heatherpaw found solace as she neared the ShadowClan border, leaping into a nearby bush. She felt the spines of a holly plant pierce her skin, but no prick could mask the pain she felt on her leg. *Will I ever run again?*

"What'cha doin' in this 'ere bush, m'lady," an unfamiliar voice asked, tipping their invisible fedora.

Heatherpaw jumped out of her skin, flailing to the floor in a mound of bones. The cat shrugged and left-

*****I'M KIDDING I'M KIDDING I JUST REALLY WANTED TO WRITE THAT SOZ*****

Heatherpaw almost jumped out of her skin, darting around to find the culprit of the question. She laid eyes on a pale brown tom, his muscles popping beneath his short fur. He had gentle copper eyes that sparked in the sun, and his fur was so light that it almost resembled a pink colour. His tail was elongated and waving in curiosity, and she soon found herself lulled into a sense of security by its movement. A hypnotising gesture, was it not?

"Sorry, did I frighten you's?" he asked sincerely, an accent twanging his words.

"Uh... No, not at all! I'm fine, just, leave me alone," Heatherpaw dismissed him untruthfully.

The tom tilted his head, turning his attention to her bleeding leg. "You's is hurt m'lady, can I be of assistance's to ya?"

Heatherpaw grumbled, gazing down at her pulsing leg. She knew it'd become infected if she dragged it back to WindClan in such a state, but she didn't trust this stranger.

"I ain't unprofessional you know's, I'm a trainee in hurtin' legs!" he teased gently, and Heatherpaw giggled.

"Can you really help me?" she questioned him worriedly, whimpering as pain surged through her.

He smiled. "'Course I can! Just give me a minute 'n' I'll be healin' that foot 'o yours in no time!"

He backed away swiftly, the leaves batting forward as his figure left. Heatherpaw watched his shadow move with wide, concerned eyes. Could she trust a cat she'd never met to mend her leg? It wasn't like she had much of a choice but, would he hurt her even more? She bent down and groomed her wound, the foul taste of blood running down her throat. She winced at the metallic flavour as it hung on her tongue; she hoped he'd be back soon, whoever he was.

"Alrighty, I've got you's some marigold 'n' cobweb, no need to fear! Gimme your leg m'lady," he mewed positively, gesturing for her approval.

Heatherpaw nodded, and the tom crept through the bush past her. She smelt his scent as his pelt brushed against her nose, and she felt at ease by his foreign aroma. He nestled down beside her leg, and with a pawful of dampened moss he bathed it softly. She gritted her teeth at the pain, and he lashed his tail towards her and rested it on her paw. Heatherpaw gazed up in confusion and was met with a gentle smile. *He's so wonderful...*

"The pain's over m'lady, it's gon' be alright" he assured her truthfully, wrapping the marigold in a cobweb and securing it around her leg.

"Thank you... I never caught your name?" she pressed.

"Salmonpaw, at your services," he introduced himself gleefully.

Heatherpaw grinned. "I'm Heatherpaw, thank you for helping me."

"That's some pretty name m'lady, how's about we gets you out 'o this bush 'n' back to WindClan, aye?" he suggested enticingly, rubbing against her fur.

He hauled her onto her paws and made her an exit from the bush she lied in, the sunlight blaring in her eyes. She squinted it back, feeling his tail twine with hers. She felt herself heating up, her heart fluttering. *He's such a romantic cat... Wait... How did he know-?*

"Bright ol' day today, huh?" he commented.

Heatherpaw scowled. "How did you know I was from WindClan?"

Salmonpaw ignored her. "You got pretty eyes m'lady."

"Stop dodging my question! How did you know I was from WindClan?"

Salmonpaw sighed, lowering his gaze. "I saw you's huntin' that rabbit, 'n' I saw's it leap in the tree."

Heatherpaw's eyes widened and she averted her eyes. Embarrassment rose in her blood at the thought of him seeing such a dramatic failure, but Salmonpaw didn't care. He padded towards the tree in which the rabbit flew into and picked up something at the stump. He brought it back to her and dropped it at her paws, and to her amazement it was the same rabbit, donning a feather on its scales.

"You got my rabbit... Now my Clan won't give me the name Heatherfail! Thank you!" she cried, nosing him.

Salmonpaw chuckled. "I hope they give you the name Heatherfeather."

Heatherpaw purred. "Why? Because of this beautiful feather?"

Salmonpaw paused, a purr rising in his own throat.

"No, because you looked like a feather trampling down that moor SYKE GET REKT 360 NOSCOPED AYYYYYYY."

Heatherpaw screeched in outrage as Salmonpaw fled the scene, waving his tail in amusement as he went. She tried to chase after him in fury, but her leg stopped her. Grunting, she let out an almighty scream.

"I HOPE THEY CALL YOU SALMONFLOP, BECAUSE YOU JUST FLOPPED ON GETTING A CAT AS FABULOUS AS ME!"

And with that, Heatherpaw sauntered at the pace of a snail back to WindClan, head held high. Salmonflop would always be in her heart for helping her, but only as the flop he was.

She grumbled to herself. "Flopping idiot."

~ Written by Hazel, who is actually on leave/on a trip but still updates anyway because she's nice like that~

***** the author making fun of Rio's serious stars last time. What, you thought I used them because I thought they looked pretty?**

Chapter Twenty-One

Heatherfeather was slowly gaining consciousness, her mind in a jumble of confusion. With a start, she remembered her fight with Ripplestripe, and that she had been saved at the last moment by—

"Salmonflop!" she jerked awake and looked around wildly, confused at her location. She was laying in her nest in the medicine cat den, Harebrain staring down at her concernedly.

"Salmonflop? That RiverClan warrior who used to go out with Ripplestripe?"

"WHAT?!" Heatherfeather screeched. "HE WENT OUT WITH RIPPLESTRIPE?"

"Uh... Yeah?"

Heatherfeather collapsed into a sobbing mass. She had thought that, because he saved her again, maybe he actually loved her this time. "But... Why would he take my side against Ripplestripe, then?"

"Are you feeling alright, Heatherfeather?"

"Of course not!" she screeched. "I just almost got murdered, but was saved at the last minute by my murderer's ex-boyfriend!"

Harebrain looked really concerned now as he bent over her. "If you're saying that you think Salmonflop saved you... I'm afraid your wrong."

"And what, may I ask, makes you think *that?*" Heatherfeather hissed.

"Salmonflop died last moon."

~~~

"All cats old enough to gather before me, get over here!" the
~~~

ShadowClan leader yelled. The cats wandered over slowly, not caring that the words to call them together were completely wrong.

"Today, Redpaw will be made a warrior blah blah, mentor says he's ready blah blah, Redpaw, get over here!" The apprentice made his way forwards, looking scared.

"Do you blah blah even at the cost of your life?"

"I... I don't!" Redpaw declared determinedly. For a moment, the entire clearing was dead silent.

"*What?*" the Clan asked in unison.

"I love Kaletail, I always have, and I always will! And if never becoming a warrior is the price I have to pay to be with her, then so be it! Kaletail, I love you!" All eyes turned to Kaletail, who was frozen with shock. Her mouth hung open and her eyes darted around the clearing.

"I-I-" panicking, she darted out of the camp, and Redpaw darted after her, leaving the ShadowClan cats still frozen in shock.

~~~

"He *died?*" Heatherfeather asked, disbelief filling every fiber of her being.

"JK, TROLOLOLOL, " Harebrain shouted. "Your reaction was great!"

"Ugh, I hate you so much!" Heatherfeather screamed as she stomped out of the den. She had to go find Salmonflop so she could figure out exactly what that flopping flop of a flop felt for her.

She streaked across the moor towards RiverClan territory, not caring that she was also racing towards her would-be murderer. She crossed the border without hesitation but slowed when she approached the camp. Before she could enter it, she was bowled over and pinned down from behind.

She couldn't see her attacker, her face pressed into the ground as she struggled to escape.
~~~

"Relax, ma' darlin'," a familiar voice said, and she stopped struggling.

"Sal-Salmonflop?" she stuttered out.

"That'd be me," he answered, stepping off of her. "What can I do for ya this fine evening?"

"It's Sunhigh."

"Yer rather missin' the point, darlin'. What can I do for ya?"

"Look, you saved me once and now you've saved me twice. I want to know why."

He sighed. "It all started out when I was an apprentice. I was seein' a cat by the border, an' I happened to glance in the gen'ral direction of WindClan, an' I saw this great beauty of a cat, an' I saw her rabbit get caught in a tree." Heatherfeather blushed in memory of the incident.

"From that moment on, I knew that I'd do whatever I could to win the affections of such a perty lil' she-cat." Heatherfeather blushed, a warm feeling growing inside of her.

"But... If you wanted to win my heart, why did you say such a hurtful thing?" she asked uncertainly.

He lowered his head in shame. "Come again tomorrow an' I'll tell ya. I'm not ready to tell ya yet."

Written by le Amazing Annco. Sorry it's kind of short :-/

Chapter Twenty-Two

Heatherfeather watched Salmonflop pad back into RiverClan territory with wide eyes. She swallowed slightly, spinning back around and limping in the direction of camp. "I wonder where Sandyfur is," she mused, wishing she had a cat to talk to, so the time until tomorrow would pass faster. "Meh. He's probably off flirting with every cat on the planet."

Her words echoed throughout the WindClan camp, and a pregnant queen gasped.

"Handyburr is *cheating on me?"* the queen, a she-cat named Ambersparklesunshine, gasped, collapsing onto the floor and sobbing loudly. Harebrain rolled his eyes as his mentor, who just walked around the she-cat.

"Who named a cat 'Handyburr'?" Heatherfeather asked her apprentice as she shouldered past him, padding into the medicine den and snatching up a few leaves of catmint. She swallowed them quickly, letting out a sigh of relief before settling into her nest.

"You shouldn't be questioning the naming skills of our leader," Harebrain meowed, rolling his eyes sassily. "You did name me Harebrain. . . " Heatherfeather tilted her head to the side, thinking over his point, before silently nodding in agreement. "So, how did your meeting with Salmonflop go?"

Her head snapped toward him, gaze lit with fury. "How do you know about that?" she spat, the fur along her spine rising up.

Harebrain rolled his eyes. "You were shouting it in your sleep, so every cat heard it. Well, every cat in camp who was awake heard it, so Ambersparklesunshine, Greenineedalifeandsomemediciationnoreallyhelpmepaw, and I think the elder Grayhelpcloudtailgrandmashastakenmecaptiveandimlockedintheirbasement

were all gossiping. They only told the other queens and maybe an apprentice or two -- I think Yarrowireallylikemakinglongnamesandthisoneisgoingtobethelongestofthelo spread the rumor to the warrior's den, then I emailed Kaletail and Brightpaw and told them about it, so now the entire forest knows."

"So you spread all these rumors yourself?" Heatherfeather asked with a sigh.

"Pretty much," Harebrain confirmed, and he rolled his eyes for a good measure.

ᵛᵛᵛ

Ripplestripe gasped as she looked at her iPhone 1841024 Ultra Mega Gigantic Screen You Won't Believe How Wide The Home Button Is Plus. "How *dare* Heatherfeather date my precious Salmonflop?" the she-cat whispered, staring at the click-bait article published by *The Forest Minutely*. Most surprisingly, the 'related' section already had several other articles that lead to Ripplestripe's reaction, a cover of the upcoming fight, and a speculation article. *The Forest Minutely* had the tendency to use their time travel powers and post articles about things that didn't happen.

An idea popped into the medicine cat's head. "What if I read about the fight, then learn my opponent's strategies and beat the mousedung out of them!" she meowed to herself, a grin spreading across her face.

Troutpaw was staring at his own iPhone 1841024 Ultra Mega Gigantic Screen You Won't Believe How Wide The Home Button Is Minus (because your phone is so big that its digits go into the negatives). "Jeez, Salmonflop is a jerk," he meowed before switching back to his camera views of Frogfur. On screen, the tom was snoring, and the medicine cat apprentice sighed lovingly.

"Hey, my secret strategy!" Ripplestripe hissed, batting the phone out of Troutpaw's grip. The apprentice let out a squeal of panic, chasing his device as it tumbled out of the den.

"No, what if he wakes up!" The alarmed yowl echoed back into the

den. "I *need* to see my precious when he wakes up! Did you break my phone?" Troutpaw re-entered the medicine cat den, sobbing as he held his drenched electronic. Electricity buzzed out of it, coursing through the tom's body and singing the fur of his legs. "You're so *mean!"*

"Good," Ripplestripe muttered, giving the apprentice a good kick. He slumped to the ground, dropping his phone. "Now stay down there."

Troutpaw obeyed, knowing that the older she-cat would not be afraid to murder him. He tried to restart his phone from his position on the ground, but it just gave him a mild shock. The electricity made his legs lurch upward, pushing him into a standing position. Ripplestripe gasped, then drop-kicked him down ShadowClan. He flew through the air with an eerie smile as he started to fall into the middle of the Clan camp.

ᵛᵛᵛᵛ

Frogfur was meandering across the clearing, his belly swinging to and fro, when he was crushed by a flying cat. "Touchdown!" came a muffled reply from above, and dizzily, the ThunderClan cat rolled off of the ShadowClan one.

Troutpaw fainted upon seeing his master. He was still clutching the iPhone, and the screen was frozen on the camera's view of Frogfur sleeping in his den. Weirded out, the ShadowClan tom pulled the phone away and threw it into Troutpaw's face, making the younger cat moan with pain.

"Get away from me," Frogfur sighed as the RiverClan medicine cat apprentice stood up woozily, vision too blurred to realize he was standing just a few paw-steps away from the Great And Amazing Frogfur.

"Who are you?" slurred Troutpaw, trying to stumble toward him. "Can I go cuddle with Frogfur?"

"Um, no."

ৎ Weirdest chapter brought to you by Rio. ৎ

Chapter Twenty-Three

Frogfur hissed, finding himself captive in a place he didn't recognise. Though he knew RiverClan was a place of pure horrors, the dead rats hung on the walls and the scattered corpses hinted that perhaps he might be somewhere other than his fish-bone museum of a home.

"So the ShadowClan cliche really is true, huh," he muttered.

"What did you say about my Clan?"

Frogfur glanced up to see a sleek black ShadowClan tom with piercing yellow eyes and torn ears. Behind him lied his Clan, a selection of 69 other black cats with yellow eyes. He swooned, he was so unique.

"I said, what did you say a lot the almighty ShadowClan?"

"Oh, nothing important," he sighed, smitten. "Only that the toms are handsome."

He raised a non-existent eyebrow. "You think so?"

Frogfur nodded. "You cats are all so muscular and unique, you must have fabulous genetics."

"The same genetics," he corrected him.

"Huh?"

"We all come from the same cats, duh," he grunted. "Incest is totally the way forward."

Frogfur backed away slowly, mildly horrified. The tom saw this and grew upset.

"Wait! I'm sorry, I'm not very good with conversation," he apologised.

He narrowed his eyes. "Considering I just met you and the first thing you thought to tell me was your mortifying ancestry, I don't really need you to confirm that for me."

The tom rolled his eyes. "My name is Blackasthedayislonginanonracistway, what's yours?"

Frogfur swooned once again, such a perfect name. "Frogfur, but you can call me Frogfur."

"Right... I don't think I'll forget that nickname in a hurry..." he mewed awkwardly. "But listen, I really like you, I'll let you go home if you promise to see me again."

Frogfur gulped, a little worried. "Isn't that against the code?"

Blackicbatowriteitagain grumbled. "Half of our Clans are dating, there are rogues dancing in and out, we have no integrity and mate with everyone, and you're worried about the code?"

Frogfur sighed, defeated. "Good point, I'll see you tomorrow."

Just as Blackoutdrunk was about to let him go, Troutpaw stirred. He winced as the apprentice groaned, laying eyes on him and immediately gasping.

"Frogfur, my love!" he breathed, stumbling to his paws and fixing his fur.

Blackbirdsarelamelmao gasped in shock. "THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE?!"

"No! No! He's just delusional, thinks I'm a cat called... Frostbutt, yeah."

Troutpaw dashed out of the den, returning with a bunch of roses.

"Frogfur! I, uh, I... Ahh, I can't I'm sorry I'm so nervous it's justthatiloveyousomuchand-."

Frogfur slapped his tail over his mouth. "Ignore him, now how about letting us go?"

Blackeryisbest grumbled. "Not so fast, have you been cheating on me?"

Frogfur let his tail drop.

"ididntknowhowtotellyouihopeyoufeelthesameFROGFURWILLYOUMARRYM

Troutpaw shuffled his paws bashfully as Frogfur winced. Blackmarksthespot stood by the entrance to the den, angered.

"Listen, Frogfur, we need to talk."

Troutpaw nudged him. "He can be the maid of honour if you want."

///

BREAKING NEWS

In a recent event inside the depths of [hell] RiverClan camp, a declaration of annoyance and mild irritation has just been made by ASMR sensation Heatherfeather! After a recent scrap with fellow Clanmate Ripplestripe over an old friend, the great and mighty Salmonflop, the rhyming named she-cat has made a claim that the deed must be sorted with a fight! Indeed, a fight! A fight of intelligence, skill and instinct. A fight of choosing and battling. A fight trademarked by Pokemon. A fight so huge that-

Ripplestripe had had enough. She threw the article to the ground and stomped on it, determination in her blood.

"It's time," she growled. "It's time to launch something drastic."

Slipping on her pink headband, pink ankle warmers, pink tail warmer, pink water bottle with a pink box of supportive quotes, she escaped the depths of [hell] RiverClan and hurried down to her secret weapon- *HELLO UNFIT YOUNGLINGS, WELCOME TO*- wait, what? I'm trying to narrate here! *RIPPLESTRIPE'S GYM MENTALITY VIDEO!*

Oh my goodness... No... I'm outta here Ripplestripe do what you want I can't

narrator leaves in disgust

Hello unfit kits! My name is Ripplestripe and welcome to my fantabulous gym mentality video! In this extract, I'm going to be teaching YOU, yes YOU, how to [defeat your enemies] get the most out of your gym experience! But to do that, I'm gonna need a gym...

THE CLOUDTAIL GYMMAS

Yes, that'll do

First, treadmill! Pace yourself, take it slowly, keep a steady [grasp on the knife as you slaughter Heatherfeather] rhythm in your stepping, and don't be afraid to [shed blood] push yourself! You'll be outrunning your [opponents as you chase them with explosives] gym friends in no time!

That was... RUNNING AWAY FROM RESPONSIBILITY WITH RIPPLESTRIPE

This is...

Next my little gymions, it's time for cycling! Make sure the saddle is at optimum height so [you have a good area exposed to lunge at] you can put in the most amount of work! Start with a [sharp blade] decent pace, before working up to the [final kill] big finish of a stiff, long ride! You'll be [wiping the smile off of Heatherfeather's face] biking like a pro in no time!

That was... RECYCLING OLD TRICKS WITH RIPPLESTRIPE

This is...

Finally, we have weights! Make sure you do some stretches to [maximise drop kicking technique] limber, and then you're ready for weights! Start with a small weight, maybe a 1K or 2K weight, and lift that [traitor] heavy item! AND A ONE, AND A TWO, AND A KILL HEATHERFEATHER AND A FOUR

"Hey, what's that cat doing in here?"

AND A ONE, AND A- excuse you?

"Get it out of here, down to the pound!"

Uh oh...

~Written by *Ripplestripe* Hazel lol~

Chapter Twenty-Four

A tall Twoleg was staring down at her with a mixed expression. "Come here kitty," the creature said, his furless paws reaching forward. With a yelp, Ripplestripe dropped the weights and bolted out of the room, her heart pounding in her chest.

The Twoleg sighed and pulled a small box out of nowhere. He was pushing his finger against the screen as the RiverClan medicine cat bolted out of the room, her belly swinging beneath her. "I really regret those extra fish last week," she grunted as she sprinted down the street. "But... but maybe this will put me in better shape?" A question lingering on her tongue, the she-cat turned the corner and spotted the safety of the forest. She dove into a push as a large Twoleg monster screeched down the Thunderpath, yowling and shouting loudly.

Ripplestripe crept through the underbrush for a few fox-lengths before she realized that the scent surrounding her was not that of RiverClan. The pungent smell of ShadowClan lingered in her nose. "Ugh, great," she muttered loudly. "Now I have to find my way *all* the way to RiverClan."

A head poked out of the bush. Ripplestripe leaped back slightly, her heart jumping with surprise. The ShadowClan cat in front of her was a rather small ginger tom who had only half a tail. He grinned brightly at her. "Hi! I'm Redpaw, the oldest apprentice in ShadowClan," the ginger tom meowed to her.

"Uh, hello," she meowed cautiously, eyeing the area behind her. "Can I get out of here now? I, uh, have medicine cat business to do."

"Medicine cat business? I know *nothing* of medicine cat business!" he exclaimed nervously. "Nothing about catnappings or romances or *anything* like that. Especially romance. I'm just a clueless apprentice!" Redpaw added an awkward chuckle.

Ripplestripe gave a slow nod. "Sure. Right. I don't really care," she

meowed plainly. "Now, let me leave before you alert the Clan and have them attack me. That wouldn't be fun at all, right?"

But Redpaw was barely listening as his mind spun. The ginger-furred tom seemed to be vibrating with energy. "—and, and have you ever heard Kaletail - she's the best medicine cat in ShadowClan, by the way - say anything about her, um, love life?"

Not wanting to upset the tom, Ripplestripe nodded. "Oh yeah. She talks about you *all* the time." The truth was that Ripplestripe slept through the Gathering and Moonpool meetings most of the tom, so she had no idea who he was talking about.

Redpaw let out a gasp, leaping forward and hugging his paws around the medicine cat's stomach. "Thank you so much for telling me!" he squealed like a kit.

Ripplestripe was halfway choking to death when a gasp came from a few pawsteps away. "Redpaw, what are you doing to that kittypet?" came a prissy meow.

The ginger-furred tom leaped off Ripplestripe in a hurry, his fur puffing out on his sides. "It's not what you think is happening!" he wailed, tipping his head back. "I love you, Kaletail!" Ripplestripe peeked around the mourning tom, spotting a calico she-cat. *So this is the ShadowClan medicine cat apprentice,* she thought to herself.

Kaletail rolled her eyes. "I don't care who you like, but loving a kittypet is as much of a Warrior Code violation as loving a medicine cat."

"I'm not a kittypet," interrupted Ripplestripe. "Don't you know who I am?" As if to prove a point, she puffed out her chest and closed her eyes, basking in the rather absent glory of her name.

Kaletail's yellow eyes widened. "Yeah, I know who you are. I just didn't see you, considering you were making out with this piece of shrimp of here." She pointed her tail at Redpaw, who visibly wilted at her rather cruel words. Ripplestripe rolled her eyes, returning to her normal posture.

"I wasn't making out with him," she snarled. "He jumped on me."

"Only because you told me the truth," the starry-eyed apprentice spat back. "That Kaletail loves me so so so so SO much!" With a great big grin, he turned to the calico she-cat. "I know the truth now! Will you be my mate now?"

Kaletail's mouth dropped open in shock. "Uh, first of all, no... and second of all, what?" She turned to Ripplestripe as if expecting an answer.

"I never said anything!" the RiverClan she-cat blurted out, and she spun around on her paws, facing away from the cats, and started running.

~ Amazing chapter brought to you by Rio. ~

Chapter Twenty-Five

Chapter Twenty-Five

"Get back here, RiverClan scum!"

Kaletail barrelled after Ripplestripe, claws of greenery stretched out and incredibly clean white teeth bared. The ShadowClan medicine cat did not appreciate unwanted guests meddling with her Clan, and Ripplestripe had a terrible reputation after a few warriors spied on her filming her successful fitness DVD. Many of them commented on her agility and speed, but one or two complained about a few subliminal messages in her instructions... they labelled her an angry soul.

Ripplestripe squeaked and left, horrified at ShadowClan scum began to give chase. She held several copies of her DVD under her tail, and she wasn't going to let them go, not for a vegetarian advocate like Kaletail. She recalled the filming of her DVD, and how her anger for Heatherfeather channeled her success. *Heatherfeather is history, I have a new nemesis.* She stopped abruptly and clicked her claws.

"Camera crew!" she screeched, and out came several cars she'd never seen before that just happened to have a camera.

"And... Action!"

"Welcome to Fitness With Ripplestripe Part Two: ShadowScum Edition! Today we're going to be learning how to defeat a horror such as a ShadowClan cat in 69 easy steps!"

Before she could continue her world class instructions, Kaletail launched herself at Ripplestripe, furious.

"GET OUT OF MY TERRITORY!" she screeched.

"GET OFF ME, YOU CAN'T HUNT A SNAIL LET ALONE ME!"

Ripplestripe retorted.

"Go Kaletail! Go Kaletail!" Redpaw chanted, his love for her shining through.

Ripplestripe hissed, scratching her. "YOU NEED AN APPRENTICE TO MENTOR YOU."

Suddenly, meme sirens blared. "Oh! Burned! Toasted! Lightly sizzled! Can Kaletail bring it back?"

Redpaw beamed at his refereeing skills, clearly very proud of himself. We're all proud of you Redpaw.

"YOUR CLAN IS TOO FAT TO COME AND SUPPORT YOU!" Kaletail retorted.

"Oh! Microwaved! Oven cooked for 30 minutes! Fried at a low temperature! Kaletail's got it in her!" Redpaw cried.

The bushes behind him rustled, and out jumped a rather flustered Troutpaw.

"Who are you?" Redpaw demanded.

"A prisoner," Troutpaw introduced himself.

"Oh. Want to help referee?"

Troutpaw nodded, settling beside Redpaw and cheering for his Clanmate. As he watched, he saw hearts appearing in Redpaw's eyes.

"So, uh... cat... do YOUUUUU have a crush?" he asked excitably.

Redpaw scoffed. "What? Me? PFF no of course not what made you say that?"

Troutpaw narrowed his eyes. "Your heart is literally pounding out of your chest."

Redpaw's heart fell out. The end

Jk

He blushed in a non-existent fashion. "Well... there is one cat, and she's over there."

Troutpaw looked over to Kaletail, blood dripping down her chin, fur ripped up, eyes wide and tail fluffed out. He winced, she looked a state.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Redpaw swooned.

"Uh, yeah, sure."

Redpaw nudged him. "So? What about you?"

The bushes rustled again, and out came Frogfur and Blackasthedayislonginanonracistway, strolling together with twined tails. They spotted the commotion and sat a fair distance away, and Troutpaw's heart pounded out his chest.

It fell out-

"I'm gonna marry him!" he squeaked.

Redpaw gasped. "I'm gonna marry Kaletail too! This is so exciting!"

Troutpaw squealed. "We can be bridesmaids, we'll look amazing!"

"What flowers are you picking?"

"Oh definitely roses, what peasant would pick daises?"

"Ugh I know right, so not fashionable AT ALL."

"Go on go on, tell me what your wedding to...?"

"Frogfur," Troutpaw told him happily.

"Tell me what you're going to have!"

Troutpaw braced himself. "Well..."

"We'll have bridesmaids with roses and blossoms and my best tom

can be you! And I'll of course be wearing a white dress made out of spiders nests, heard that's what's in stock at the moment, and I'll have borage woven in and OH it'll be fantastic! And then Frogfur, oh, oh he'll be so perfect! We'll be happy forever!"

Frogfur stared in horror as the apprentice he'd learned to loathe babbled on about business he didn't wish to know about. He watched his heart pound out his chest and not fall out thankfully, and turned to his companion.

"So, when's our wedding?"

"Next week'll be great, it'll be great," Blackasthedayislonginanonracistway told him, smiling.

Frogfur smiled. "It's so nice not to be pestered by medicine cats, right? They're so much work."

"It's like they can't even follow their own code!"

"Hm, someone should write a book about that."

"Wait..."

Narrator: NOT TODAY SATAN

fourth wall remains intact

"Aha! I win! You're defeated!"

Kaletail pinned Ripplestripe to the ground in defiance, battered and worn out from continual fighting. Redpaw squeaked in happiness for his love's win, while Ripplestripe frowned.

"I knew it! I'm such a failure!"

Kaletail suddenly felt guilty. "Oh, uh, you're a good fighter y'know."

"No! Not that! My DVD got awful ratings on Rotten Tomatoes! I'm such a failure..."

Kaletail got off of Ripplestripe and nudged her, feeling bad about

damaging her confidence.

"Hey, maybe we could get married, film it, and sell it as a spin off called 'My Big Fat Half-Clan Wedding'," she suggested selflessly.

Ripplestripe beamed. "That'll make us loads of mice! Great idea Kaletail!"

"Let's go and have a big fat wedding!"

The two she-cats skipped off into the distance, before realising they weren't quite sure where to go. They turned back and padded up to Frogfur and Blackasthedayislonginanonracistway.

"Can we have a wedding in ShadowClan?" asked Ripplestripe.

Blackasthedayislonginanonracistway shrugged. "Eh, whatever."

Redpaw squeaked. "Everyone can get married! Come on!"

And everyone got married and eventually divorced because marriage is a huge commitment guys SUBLIMINAL MESSAGING

end of thing yay

~Written by Hazel, I honestly don't know what this was tbh~

Chapter Twenty-Six

Brightpaw walked around, she wondered who else she could meet. She truly loved most of the WindClan cats, but it was time for her to choose her one and only mate.

Brightpaw thought for a moment. Brightpaw listed all the toms she loved. There was so many, almost a whole bouquet of flower petals were laying on the ground. She fell onto the ground. She looked at the dazzling stars in the sky.

Until a shooting star flew above her. She closed her pretty eyes and wished that she could choose between WindClan cats. And with that, she dozed on the ground.

The next morning was rough, she looked around, everything was blank and silent. Then she actually woke up.

"That was stupid." she murmured to herself. A cat comes up to her with his wings dazzling in the sunlight.

"What's stupid." he asked her.

Brightpaw's eyes lit up in happiness. *Is he the one?* She asked herself.

"May I ride you?" she asked. The tom simply nodded.

Brightpaw jumped onto the winged cat and they were off to find beautiful land. Brightpaw and ...wait, we forgot to name him. Well, his name is Wing. Wing and Brightpaw flew to distance lands.

~

Brought to you by Whisper! I hope you enjoyed. I had no inspiration so here you go. I hope you enjoyed anyways. Bye!

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Brightpaw's claws were unsheathed as she pressed them into Wing's sides, gripping on tightly as he dove beneath the outstretching branches of a tree. A laugh spilled out of her mouth as the tom did a spiral, the apprentice nearly tumbling onto the ground below. "Faster!" she yelped with glee. "Go, faster, Wing!" The winged cat gave her a slow nod, the pinions of his wings extended out far. His muscles bulged as he strained to go faster, fur flattening against his flanks.

Wing let out a whoop as the ground flew by in a colorful blur beneath them, flashing between green, brown, and blue. Brightpaw's vision grew cloudy as she focused on the earth beneath them. Soon the colors started to show red and orange and all sorts on non-natural shades. The neon yellow lands had towering Highlighters and haunting clouds of math homework. The biome of pale purple had mountains of eggplants and grapes that Wing swerved around. The white lands seemed like snow at first, but in fact they were made purely of ice cream that Wing collected by dipping close to the ground.

Finally, the winged-tom had run out of energy. "We're going to land," he called over his shoulder, his words barely audible as the wind whipped away the sound. "Brace yourself!"

Brightpaw grinned as he slowly started descending, the magenta ground coming into view. He flew around a tube of lipstick that protruded out of a hill. "Be careful!" yelped the apprentice as Wing grew closer and closer to the floor.

"I know," he responded sharply, ears folded back as they reached a position only a few tail-lengths above the ground.

Finally, Wing haulted to a stop. Brightpaw's momentum sent her flying over his head; she soared over a small case of eye-shadow, landing in a mound of cheap blush. Shaking the pink dust out of her fur, the she-cat darted back across the eye-shadow and toward her

lover.

"Wow, this land is so *magical!"* she gushed, staring at the endless supplies of pink-colored makeup. "I can't believe places like this exist!" Wing stayed silent as the apprentice gazed silently around, absorbing all the different brands that were freely exposed. A makeup brush coiled up like a snake, then exploded forward, catching a tiny powdered mouth in its jaws. "How come nobody comes and takes all this? Are Twolegs endlessly greedy or something..?"

Wing gave a simple shrug. "This is your dreamland," he responded, his handsome blue eyes wide as he licked down a tuft of fur on her forehead. "Nothing here is real... it's just want you want."

Brightpaw gasped, stumbling backwards and nearly tumbling into a heap of concealer. "You mean... you mean you're not real?" she meowed, shocked as she tried to process this new, shocking information.

Wing shook his head, then paused and gave an awkward half nod. "Well, kind of... I exist. You saw a rogue padding up to you, and he told you his name. But of course Coldleaf spiked your breakfast with catmint, so here we are... in dreamland... with cats that can fly... endless makeup... a land made of ice cream." He gave an awkward shrug. "Do you wanna go back to ThunderClan?"

"Nah, I like this place better!" she declared brightly.

And Brightpaw was never seen again.

Rest in piece.

She lives in her dreams now.

By Rio

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Brightpaw sees the winged cat waiting on the puffy pink cloud.

"WING!" she yelled in happiness.

"Brightpaw!" he meowed and smiled.

Brightpaw ran across the clouds and rode on Wing. The two cats rode near the sunset and cheered in happiness.

Sadly, dreams end.

Brightpaw was awoken by a loud call.

"No, Wing!" she cried in sadness.

"Brightpaw, your ceremony!" shouted the leader.

Brightpaw's ears perked up in happiness. She dashed towards the group of cats. The she-cat sat and look at the leader, perched on the high rock.

"Brightpaw, you have been a mere apprentice for a while now, how about you being a warrior?"

"Yes please!" Brightpaw answered.

"From this day foreword, Brightpaw will now be known as Brightwing!"

"Brightwing! Brightwing! Brightwing!" cheered the cats.

Brightwing looked at the cats, she noticed that she was much more fabulouser than the other she-cats. Brightwing forgets about her love and decides to skip around the camp.

~
Brought to you by Whisper ;)

You better enjoy >:)

Epilogue

"Brightwing, could you please come inside the den." the leader called out to the she-cat.

Brightwing nodded and padded inside with the leader.

"Does Brightwing fit you?" the leader asked.

"Errr." Brightwing responded, "am I allowed to change my name?"

"Yeah, sure." the leader continued.

"All cats old enough to move here please listen to this amazing warrior."

Brightwing stepped up closer to the leader.

"Hello!" Brightwing shouted

"I saw you two seconds ago." the leader meowed.

"Brightwing will be known as Brightlight in remembrance of Kaletail."

All the cats cheered loudly.

Brightlight had never been so excited before, she dashed around gloating about her name change.

Brightlight looked at the leader and deputy. Their eyes followed Brightlight.
Brightlight ignore them and continued her adventure hunt.

She look down upon the vast green lands. It was a sight-seeing for sure. Brightlight smiled, there was a new place to discover.

~
Phew! Epilogue finished! I hope you enjoyed the book. If you

see any errors please notify me. Thanks!

~Whisper